THE
LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

April, 1806.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF LADY OGILBY.

Interspersed with entertaining Anecdotes.

[With an elegant Portrait.]

Oh, woman! lovely woman! Nature made you
To temper man: we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of Heav'n;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth;
Eternal joy, and everlasting love! OTWAY.

THAT there is an irresistible charm attached to female loveliness, which the most apathetic bosoms feel, is a truth which mankind so universally acknowledge, that it is not necessary to substantiate it by proof: but when personal and mental beauties are so happily blended, that it is difficult to discover which preponderates in the scale; when an enlightened mind is accompanied by manners engagingly affable, and the sweetness of an angelic soul is painted in an expressive face; the combination becomes too fascinatingly attractive for the power of language to describe their effect.

In a Publication which embraces two objects, and is evidently intended to instruct as well as entertain, whatever tends to excite virtuous emulation, cannot fail of promoting the Proprietors' design; and as example is allowed to be by far more impressive than precept, we shall present our readers with a Biographical Sketch of a Female universally beloved, and deservedly admired.

The elegant subject of this interesting little memoir, whose personal and mental charms would do honour to any country, and add dignity to any name, could not well escape attracting particular observation, even in the most secluded parts of the world. In fulfilling the strong dictates of duty and maternal tenderness, while retiring, as we now view her, from the general solicitations of vanity and dissipation, and occupied in the practice of those amiable virtues which give loveliness additional charms, Lady Ogilby becomes more interestingly attractive, than if surrounded with all the splendour of an eastern court. It is thus that, in culling the sweetest flowers for our Monthly Bouquet, we mean occasionally to select the finest samples from those who court the shades of retired life; conceiving they can therein neither lose of their fragrance or beauty, from not expanding their delicate foliage to the rays of a brilliant sun.

Though a North American by birth, the Lady whose portrait embellishes our present Number, is descended from one of the best families in this kingdom; and is, without exception, one of the loveliest Trans-Atlantic productions that has ever been wafted to the British shores.

> "For she is all that painting can express,
> "Or youthful poets fancy when they love."

Captain Cooke, the father of Lady Ogilby, was an officer of merit in the American war; in which he was so desperately wounded, in one of the hardest fought battles in that unhappy contest (two grape-shot passing through his right breast) as to have been left for dead upon the field. When recovered of his wounds, this gallant officer was, in the year 1781, united to a daughter of the Right Honourable Royal Tyler, of Boston; at Brookline, near to which city, the subject of this memoir was the first happy fruit of this alliance, born about two-and-twenty months after it had taken place.

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At a period of life when children seldom call forth attention, the object of these remarks excited it in no small degree; for the traits of a benevolent heart, and a sympathising disposition, were strikingly displayed, before she was capable of knowing even the meaning those words expressed. Though guile and duplicity are the general offsprings of maturity, yet Nature, doubtless, implants those seeds which the hand of Time ripens into fruit; and a striking picture of the passions is discoverable during the ingenuous season of youth. Miss Cooke was in childhood, not only remarkable for a peculiar sweetness of disposition, but for a perfect symmetry of form, and a striking intelligence of face: a face which acted as an index to an amiable and exalted mind.

By the death of her mother, Miss Cooke, and an only brother, now resident in America, became coheirs to a handsome property: but, from the manner of its management, it has so happened, that its original value has been greatly decreased. Though the loss of wealth, doubtless, is a misfortune, it is trifling in comparison to that which a female sustains, by the deprivation of maternal tenderness at an early period of life. This irreparable and lamentable calamity, was alleviated to the subject of these memoirs, by the solicitous care of an attached grandmother, who, with unexampled tenderness, fostered and protected her early years. So truly sensible is Lady Ogilby of the debt of gratitude due to the memory of that excellent woman, that she scarcely mentions her name, without paying it the tribute of a tear: and never does her lovely countenance appear illumined with such divine emanations, as when speaking of the amiable protectress of her youth.

Though Nature would appear to have exhausted her powers in forming the person of Lady Ogilby, yet, had not the beauties of her mind corresponded with the enchanting sweetness of her face, we should not have thought the accidental advantage of love-

liness, sufficiently attractive to entitle her to a place in our Periodical Work: but we may justly say, with the celebrated Otway,

"Good deeds their worth and value have from hence;
"They their own glory are, and recompense."

Neither would it have appeared necessary to dwell so minutely on the personal attractions of this accomplished fair one, but that we are desirous of adverting to the circumstance of a striking similarity which is said to be observable in Fuseli's charming whole-length painting of Miranda, in the first act of the Tempest, to a portrait of her Ladyship, as taken by an eminent foreign artist in the character of Columbia: but not having been enabled to obtain a view of this highly spoken of performance, we have been favoured with the accompanying excellent likeness, taken from a miniature by Mr. Barry, of Bond-Street.

By the death of her grandmother, the interesting subject of our little history became the uncontrolled mistress of her actions at the age of fifteen: a period which required the aid of experience to conduct it, more than at any other season of life. With a heart tremblingly alive to all the softer feelings, yet influenced by a strict sense of that propriety of conduct which every female ought to pursue, Miss Cooke never in the slightest instance deviated from a line of rectitude, though she frequently became the dupe of artifice and deceit. Suspicion at that age would certainly have been unnatural; in every countenance that wore the smile of affability, the amiable girl thought she beheld a friend; yet the smile too often proved as deceptious as the rays of the sun in an April morn.

The phlegmatic mortal who never deviates from the narrow boundary which nature evidently ordained that he should tread, pursues a beaten path, without desiring to reach the mountain from which the most beautiful prospects may be viewed; and derives

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as much pleasure from a flat and unadorned country, as sloping vales and verdant meadows could afford. Far different, however, were the feelings which influenced the mind of our heroine: she reached the mountain's top, and descended into the vale: or, in other words, from the death of her respected relation, to her marriage with Sir David Ogilby, numerous vicissitudes were crowded into a small space.

We lament our inability to furnish our readers with an account of these varying and entertaining circumstances in Lady Ogilby's life, which we understand are rendered peculiarly interesting by a happy facility of expression, and elegance of style; as described in a letter to her Ladyship's uncle, the Honourable Royal Tyler, Chief Judge of the State of Vermont. This gentleman is the author of the *Algerine Captive;* a work generally known and admired: yet we can perceive, from his celebrated comedy of the *Contrast*, and other of his writings, that his genius has not been confined to one particular style of composition; but has expanded over a wide and extensive field, where the powers of a strong imagination become strikingly conspicuous; and where intelligence and sublimity are happily combined. Nor do the liberality of his sentiments fall short of the comprehensive powers of his understanding; rendering him far superior to the generality of men.

Genius and abilities have been declared hereditary possessions; and those who affirm a belief in their lineal descendency, will be of opinion, that the superiority of Lady Ogilby's endowments were derived from that source: but as cavilling can have no connection with biography, we shall leave the question to be calmly discussed, and return to the interesting subject who at the present moment engages our thoughts.

That Sir David Ogilby had a variety of obstacles to encounter, before he obtained the rich treasure of which he is now possessed, is evident from the interesting letter alluded to, which her Ladyship wrote

to the Judge. Either from prudence, or by unavoidable circumstances, these attached lovers were separated: but Sir David found it impossible to exist without the object of his affections; and, in order to renew his addresses, traversed over a considerable tract of the interior of America, with a rapidity unpractised by travellers in that part of the globe. Occupied, as his thoughts were, by one interesting object, yet the beauty of the country was too picturesque, its wealth and industry too conspicuous, and its increasing prosperity too obvious, to be passed unnoticed; whilst the simplicity of its inhabitants, their hospitable and civilized manners, united to their particular attentions to him as a British officer, made a deep impression upon his mind: and it is with pleasure we record the circumstance, that their attention to him in this respect was carried so far, that, when resting for the night, the best chamber in the inn, however pre-engaged, was undeviatingly vacated for his accommodation.

Though Britain is no longer the fostering parent of America, yet it is evident, from the above account, that her subjects are still treated with fraternal regard: and in the relation given of this officer's travels through that country, he constantly mentions the civilities which were shewn him in the most grateful terms; but particularizes those which he received from a Mr. David Sears, of Boston, as carrying hospitality and urbanity to their fullest extent. "Mr. Sears (says Sir David) was not only a polished gentleman, but possessed a liberality of sentiment, and openness of disposition, but rarely to be met with. And in Mr. George Blake, the Attorney-General of the Province, I found, (he observes,) for once, a lawyer who refused to accept a fee."

Sir David, in his description of the interior parts of New England, relates a singular trait of good-breeding but seldom to be met with in the intercourses of polished life: for though the impulse of curiosity is predominant, yet it would be considered as

as the height of incivility ever to put a direct question: with this ardour of curiosity, they nevertheless confine it within the boundary of a conjecture, or a guess.

Whilst Sir David resided in the hospitable mansion of his Lady's uncle at Vermont, that gentleman being called to proceed on his circuit as Judge, (a tour in which we presume he was partly accompanied by his guests,) they had the opportunity of witnessing an amusement peculiarly gratifying to the natives of that part of the globe. Bear-hunting is known to be one of their favorite sports; and though there can be but very little affinity between the history of a beautiful woman and an animal so uncouth in its appearance, and believed so stupidly insensible, as the bear, yet Sir David relates an instance of its sagacity, which the naturalist, we feel persuaded, will consider worthy of remark. The scene of action was on the borders of Lake Champlain: the hunters and spectators were arranged in the usual form; when a bear of unusual magnitude, roused from his place of concealment, was driven towards the lake, to which having betaken himself, and perceiving a canoe rowed by a single Indian, he hoisted himself into it with the hope of preserving his life. The alarmed Indian was ready to expire with terror: but how greatly was the passion of fear increased, at beholding Bruin approach him, and actually hug him to his breast! But, as if suddenly sensible of the apprehension he had excited, this generally supposed stupid animal retired to the farthest extremity of the canoe, and fixing a supplicating eye upon his terrified companion, again directed it towards a distant part of the shore. The grateful American instantly comprehended the implied meaning; and rejoiced at finding his existence so unexpectedly preserved, obeyed with alacrity the silent signal, and rowed to a creek unoccupied by the hunters; when Bruin again gazing upon him with a look expressive of acknowledgment, leisurely placed his unwieldy paws upon the shore;

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as if knowing that his friendly associate, having completely cut off the channel of pursuit, rendered *exertion* on his part no longer necessary.

This combined proof of forbearance and sagacity in an animal whose natural propensities impel him to delight in blood, appeared to us worthy of notice, even in a Biographical Work: for though Buffon and Goldsmith have related several instances of the bear's maternal attachment, we have never before met with one that displayed generosity in that tribe: and we trust our readers will pardon a digression, which presents a creature usually thought contemptible in a *favorable* light.

It cannot but be pleasing to observe, that the husband of the amiable female who at present excites our observations, is endowed with qualities worthy the object of his choice: he is, in fact, one of those few exalted characters who derive happiness from promoting the *good of mankind*. During Sir David's residence in America, he had many opportunities of gratifying the natural propensity of his heart, by promoting the advantage of a people, to whose attentions, and civilities, he considered himself obliged. The cultivation of a land is an indisputable means of enriching its proprietors; but it requires judgment to select *seeds* which that land is calculated to mature: and Sir David Ogilby rendered, as far as in his power, the most essential services to the Americans, by presenting them with such as were likely to flourish in that part of the world. From Otaheite, India, the Isles of France and Bourbon, he had collected a variety of vegetable store; which he not only generously presented to his friends and acquaintances, but instructed them in that mode of cultivation most favorable to their growth.

As in our prelude to the biographical sketch of Lady Ogilby's character, we premised an intention of interspersing it with anecdotes and remarks, we shall not apologize to our readers for having ventured to digress from the original subject, by leading them

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out of the beaten path; and now return to the fair American with additional zest.

The celebrated Rochefoucault observes very justly, that "the mind which finds not happiness at home, seeks for it in vain elsewhere." Lady Ogilby, however, requires not the aid of pleasurable amusements to fill up that vacuum of which ladies of fashion so often complain; and could we witness the varying emotions of her spotless bosom, we should unhesitatingly pronounce it to be the mansion of peace! Retiring, as she does, from public admiration, for the purpose of fulfilling the interesting duties of a mother, and a wife, the character of Lady Ogilby acquires additional lustre, from willingly depriving herself of those amusements, which appear peculiarly attractive at her period of life. Examples of human excellence are generally selected from those who have paid the debt of nature, or are declining into the vale of years: yet is not the blooming rose, whose beauties are now expanding, more lovely to the eye, and more fragrantly sweet, than when the sun has faded its glowing colours, and the hand of Time has begun to wither its blushing leaves?

Ornamented with peculiar simplicity of manners, where unaffected ease and elegance are happily combined, her Ladyship is avowedly calculated to adorn the most splendid circles of life; yet, to become *conspicuous*, is what she seems carefully to avoid. Still those virtues which innate modesty would hide under the veil of concealment, appear the more transcendently bright; and, like the rays of the sun bursting through the cloud which enveloped them, acquire additional lustre from the shade. Benevolence and sensibility are not the least striking traits in this admirable woman: the latter, in some instances, may even have been carried to an excess, which the cold and apathetic might consider as marks of folly, and, instead of admiring, be led to censure and condemn: the censure or applause of beings of that description,

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must be equally indifferent to the subject of these remarks: in fact, the praise of a certain class of individuals, diminishes, rather than adds to, genuine fame. Exquisite sensibility is now so rarely to be met with, that we almost consider it as a plant of exotic growth: thanks to the modern refinements in education, which cases in selfish apathy, the finer feelings of the heart.

So far from desiring to see the females of this island acquiring that fortitude (if we may so misapply the expression) which the Lacedemonians admired, as to view the lifeless bodies of their children with indifference, if they fell in their country's cause; we would rather express our admiration of those characters, who, like Lady Ogilby, would sacrifice their own existence to preserve their childrens' lives. In doing justice to her Ladyship's merit as a parent, we do not pretend to say that she fulfils the maternal duties with greater exactitude than many others of her sex; but we will venture to assert, that it is impossible for the tender feelings of a mother to be carried to greater length. Yet let it not be supposed, that the natural bias of this amiable young woman's disposition leads her to derive satisfaction from a retired mode of life; for she is peculiarly formed to adorn society; and her conversation is at once sprightly, intelligent, delicate, and refined.

Unswayed by the glitter of pomp, yet attached to the elegancies of polished circles, her Ladyship rather courts a select than a numerous body of friends; if such a term is allowable in speaking of her intercourse with the world. Friends, however, she doubtless possesses, and those not few in number, even if we confine ourselves to the literal sense of the term; for, to know Lady Ogilby without feeling a personal attachment to her, is impossible; so attractive are her manners, and so benevolent is her heart.

Though beauty is frequently an incitement to envy and detraction, in degenerate and malicious minds, yet

yet the uncommon affability which marks her Ladyship's demeanour, has had the happy art of destroying their effect; and the insidious tongue of censure never directed its shafts against her spotless fame.

Art has not inaptly been termed the hand-maid of Nature: of this daily attendant's services, Lady Ogilby certainly makes the most advantageous use; for though always dressed in the simplest style of elegance, yet every part of her habiliment displays both judgment and taste. Those charms of person which are now in the zenith, were no less captivating in their bud; which the numerous admirers who bowed at the shrine of beauty, previous to her acquaintance with Sir David Ogilby, completely proved. To the various overtures of marriage which were made by the sons of Columbia, her Ladyship used gaily to reply, that an inward presentiment told her, she was destined to become a subject of the *British Isles;* and therefore it would be a folly in them to attempt revoking the unalterable decrees of Fate. This piece of *badinage,* which was kindly intended to soften the mortification of refusal, has, to the inexpressible happiness of her attached husband, been fortunately realized; and we hope the reception her Ladyship has met with in this country, has been such, as to convince her that we know how to appreciate those virtues which have been transplanted from the New World.

Lady Ogilby, with that affection which does honor to the connubial connexion, and which peculiarly distinguishes a British soldier's wife, is, we understand, now making preparations for accompanying her husband in a voyage to the East: evidently not agreeing in opinion with the celebrated author of Tamerlane, who says, "The joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence!" or, with the admired Metastasio, who describes the anguish of separation, and the delight of meeting, in the following beautifully simple lines:

Parting

Parting to *Death* we well compare;
For sure, to those who love sincere
So dreadful is the pain!
Such doubts, such horrors, rend the mind;
Yet, ah! when adverse Fate proves kind,
How sweet to meet again!

In this voyage we know not whether her Ladyship is to be accompanied by the objects of her daily tenderness and care; yet we are rather inclined to think, the fear of endangering their health by the fervid heat of a tropical climate, will induce her to relinquish the gratification of implanting the seeds of virtue in their tender minds. The trial of separation, if necessary, will doubtless be a painful one. To a heart replete with maternal fondness, few can be more severe; yet Lady Ogilby has encountered one infinitely more afflictive, as she had the misfortune of losing her first-born child. This amiable young woman was married to Sir David in the year 1802, and sustained the shock just mentioned during her residence in Ireland, in May, 1804. Two surviving pledges of affection (a blooming boy, and lovely girl) compensate, it is to be hoped, for this misfortune, and reconcile her to the decree of a just and merciful God!

During Lady Ogilby's residence in her uncle's family at Vermont, which, in picturesque beauty of scenery, may be called the Switzerland of the New World, she appears to have cultivated a natural taste for poetry and the fine arts.

"The scenery of Nature (observes her Ladyship) is the nepenthe of the soul; and the mind insensible to its enjoyments, would be but an alien in paradise."

Of her Ladyship's poetic talents, we have had the pleasure to peruse a few specimens; and although it would be in a manner out of character, to think of ranking a pleasing turn for poetry, in a fine woman not yet three-and-twenty, amongst the first-rate writers in that line, we conceive her Ladyship possesses merit of no common degree, and expresses her sentiments both with delicacy and taste.

VILLAGE TATTLE.

NO. II.

THE following letter was read in our little circle, by my young friend Woolcomb, whose sister is now on a visit in London. I cannot deny that the young lady's remarks have some justice in them; though I must take the liberty of observing, that a lively imagination seems to have led her into that common error, of aiming to be witty on a dull subject. As her brother's answer contains a few useful hints to those ladies, who, with Louisa Woolcomb, complain of the general inattention of the men, I will submit them both to the judgment of my fair readers.

LETTER.

To CAPTAIN WOOLCOMB.

" My dear Brother,

" You desire me to let you know how I pass my time in this gay metropolis, and the opinion I have formed of public amusements, &c. I am sorry to say, that my letter will afford you little satisfaction; for, in truth, I am not very comfortably situated. My cousins are, as you know, very plain girls; but they have an ardent desire to excite admiration; and rather than debar themselves from the pleasures of dress, and public exhibition, they neglect what I have hitherto been taught to consider indispensibly necessary in the manners of a female—*decorum*. It is true, the indolence and apathy of the men I have met with here, is very disgusting; and you, my dear brother, will, no doubt, be equally surprised and concerned, to hear that I have been dragged about to plays, operas, and even concerts, without a male protector! I should imagine that motives of avarice withheld some of your sex from paying those assidu-

ous attentions to the female part of society, which, in former times, was the distinguishing characteristic of a well-bred man; but that I witness daily instances of their launching into far greater extravagancies by themselves. A young man who would be so partial to our company, as to quit his bottle to sit among us at the tea-table, would infallibly be subjected to the ridicule of his companions, as a milk-sop, or he-gossip: and there are too many, who would even blush to acknowledge an honest attachment, unless the rank and fortune of the lady gave *eclat* to the connection, and afforded gratification to his vanity. To be seen walking on a Sunday with a female acquaintance would be a downright vulgarism: the consequence is, that the public promenades are filled with strings of beaux, and strings of belles, who mutually play off all the artillery of coquetry, talk loud, and with impertinent airs affect to ridicule each other. The women are ranged in the front boxes of the theatres, while the men range the lobbies, and insult the eye of modesty, by the levity and indelicacy of their conduct: and in Hyde Park, an immense area is filled with equestrians, who seem to be assembled together for no earthly purpose, but to annoy the females in the walk with dust and impertinence. I have been promised a sight of Hampton, Windsor, and a number of admired places of summer resort; but though I have been six weeks in town, we have not yet been able to form one party; that is to say, we have not the power to collect a proper number of gentlemen to attend us, though most of our acquaintance go miles to partake a club-dinner, bet on a race-course, or be a spectator of that refined amusement—a boxing-match!! Is not this intolerable? I have one other observation to make, which will shock you more than all this: it is but too much to be feared, that the detestable custom of Italy is getting ground here; for if you see a man particularly attentive to a lady in public, it is twenty to one but she is another man's

man's wife! The pleasures of courtship are now only enjoyed in the sphere of low life; and so prevalent is bad example, that it frequently occurs even amongst those, that the sweetheart Thomas prefers a game at skittles, or an alehouse concert, to a rural walk with pretty Susan. These, and other absurdities, too numerous to mention, have given me a distaste for a town life. I shall, therefore, return as soon as possible to my dear friends at Tattle Green, where I ever enjoy the purest pleasures, and the kindest attentions, from my dear brother.

"LOUISA WOOLCOMB."

ANSWER.

To MISS WOOLCOMB.

"My dear Louisa,

"The picture you have drawn of London, amused, while it gave me concern, that you had experienced so much disappointment in your expectations of pleasure. I must acknowledge, in confidence to you, that our cousins are not the only females who have cause to complain of being neglected; and the satire with which you have so unsparingly ridiculed the offenders, would, in all probability, load them with disgrace, did I not endeavour to vindicate them in some measure, from the charges you have brought against them. I have passed great part of my life in London; and when a youth, no one could be more assiduous to your sex than Woolcomb. But pardon me, my dear girl, for saying that I soon grew weary of the service. All women are not like my Louisa. Some there are, who imagine that their only business in the world, is to see and be seen; who can exist only in a crowd. I surely need not observe to you, how irksome it must be to dance attendance on such as these; to be subservient to the calls and caprices of every would-be-fashionable, with which the town abounds. Nor is this the only unpleasant circum-

stance: the vanity of some of your sex leads them too frequently into errors productive of many disagreeable consequences. If a young man appears three or four times with a lady in public, it is in her power to give the affair what coloring she thinks proper: she even arrogates to herself the authority of reproaching him, should he seem likely to desert, and slanders him without mercy in her extensive circle of scandal retailers. With respect to serious courtship, I could say much. A man who pays honorable addresses to a lady, can, in my opinion, have little delicacy, should he be desirous of exposing her to the public gaze; nor can he entertain much respect for her, whose pride would lead her to exact such a pointed preference, as must subject her to general observation, and expose her to many mortifying sneers, should the match be broken off by any unlooked-for casualty. A woman who has a sincere affection for one man, can scarce be desirous of attracting the admiration of others; and if possessed of good sense, and native modesty, will prefer social converse, and domestic enjoyments, to the parade and hazard attending scenes of dissipation. But in this, as in all other things, a medium is to be observed. The man, who, under fastidious pretences, neglects the woman he pretends to distinguish with regard, and devotes his hours to bacchanalian pleasures, is to be despised by every rational being: "Decent attention, and complacent kindness," being the cement of that tender friendship which is expected to subsist between those who intend to unite themselves in indissoluble bonds. That I may not extend my letter beyond the limits of your patience, I will pass on to the subject of *pleasurable parties*, which (excuse me, dear sister) too often turn out most *unpleasant parties*; at least I could enumerate several instances of such being the case. If an excursion by water is planned, some timid fair one takes occasion to make all the rest uncomfortable by her shrieks, starts, and agitations:

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a shower of rain spoils the dress of another; and, what is yet worse, spoils her temper. If the party proceed by land, a thousand disputes with respect to the mode of travelling take place: one cannot ride on horseback; another detests a gig; and another will be suffocated in a post-chaise. Some are so long dressing, that the others are out of patience. What one lady wishes for at dinner, is not to be had: the dinner is not dressed properly, or the best room is engaged. The sun is too powerful, the wind is too high; and each thinks the other better accommodated than herself. If the horse shakes his ears, the lady dreads being overturned: and returning, every hedge is taken for a highwayman. Nor is this all: if there are lovers in the party, they are sure to be at cross purposes; jealousy and envy have full scope; and each imagines herself slighted. Sarcasms, quarrels, and sometimes fits, ensue; and too often a lasting enmity is the consequence of a party of pleasure. Wonder not, then, my dear sister, that men grow weary of striving to please those who possess not the art of making themselves happy: but rather pity those unfortunate young fellows, whose gallantry is nipped in the bud by the folly and ill-temper of your own sex. Believe me, there are few who are not capable of appreciating real merit; and rely on my experience, and knowledge of life, when I assure you, that men are never more ready to pay the most respectful attention to a female, than when they find her reasonable in her expectations, and desirous of shrinking from public notice. This, my dear sister, I have no doubt, would be soon realized to you, were you to make a longer stay in London: but if what you have already beheld, has filled you with disgust rather than admiration, return as soon as convenient to those who love you too well to let you accuse them of neglect or indifference. Among the rest, accept the tender remembrance of your affectionate brother,

"T. WOOLCOMB."

POEMS,

By JAMES MONTGOMERY.

A VOLUME of Miscellaneous Poetry, unless by an author, such as a Bloomfield, or a Moore, whose names have received the sanction of the public, excites very little attention; and even if the poems have merit, which we confess is very seldom the case, they must make their way to reputation by very slow degrees. It is because we think the volume just announced has merit, that we have been induced to step a little out of our usual track, and to make it known to the circle of our readers, by a short view of its contents, and by presenting them with a specimen.

In the principal piece, entitled THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND, the author professes to have treated an heroic subject in a lyric measure, and to have combined these with a dramatic plan, representing an aged Swiss, with his wife, their widowed daughter, and her little children, fleeing from their country, in consequence of its subjugation by the French: they arrive at the cottage of a shepherd beyond the frontiers, by whom they are hospitably entertained; and to whom, after supper, the Wanderer recounts the distress and sufferings of his country, during its invasion and conquest by the French, who came upon them after they had laid down their arms, upon a solemn pledge that their independence should be respected, and with a vast army, and threats of extermination, compelled them to yield. The inhabitants of the lower valley of *Underwalden*, however, refused to take the civic oath tendered by the French; and fifteen hundred brave men of that district devoted themselves to death, resolving not to survive the ruin of their country. Of these, ALBERT, the husband of the Wanderer's daughter, was one. The battle and massacre are described, in which ALBERT fell,

fell, together with many women, many youths, and maidens, who also perished fighting beside their fathers, husbands, and lovers. The lot of these, indeed, was the happiest; as the enemy, provoked at the prodigious slaughter made by this gallant band of self-devoted heroes, when they were all slain, made an indiscriminate massacre of the feeble remains of the valley.

The circumstances attending the death of ALBERT are more particularly detailed; his father-in-law, the Wanderer, having fought by his side. He describes the scenes of horror and devastation which met his view in returning to his wife and daughter, with whom, and the children of the latter, and of ALBERT, he succeeds in escaping without the boundaries of Switzerland.

The next pieces of greatest length are, 'The Battle of Alexandria,' and 'The Ocean; written at Scarborough.' The poem we have selected as a specimen, is called 'The Grave.' We have heard that the author, writing to a friend on the subject of his poems, observed, that if every thing else failed him, he should find refuge in *the Grave*.

THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky,
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer ev'ning's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head,
And aching heart, beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For Mis'ry stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild;
I perish:—Oh, my mother earth!
Take home thy child!

On

On thy dear lap these limbs reclin'd,
Shall gently moulder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind,
Resembling me.

Hark!—a strange sound affrights mine ear;
My pulse,—my brain runs wild;—I rave:
—Ah! who art thou, whose voice I hear?
"I am the GRAVE!

"The GRAVE, that never spake before,
"Hath found at length a tongue to chide:
"O listen!—I will speak no more;
"Be silent, Pride!

"Art thou a WRETCH, of hope forlorn,
"The victim of consuming care?
"Is thy distracted conscience torn
"By fell despair?

"Do foul misdeeds of former times
"Wring with remorse thy guilty breast?
"And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
"Murder thy rest?

"Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
"From wrath and vengeance wouldst thou flee?
"Ah! think not, hope not, fool! to find
"A friend in me.

"By all the terrors of the tomb,
"Beyond the power of tongue to tell!
"By the dread secrets of my womb!
"By death and hell!

"I charge thee, LIVE!—Repent, and pray;
"In dust thine infamy deplore;
"There yet is mercy;—go thy way,
"And sin no more.

"Art thou a MOURNER?—Hast thou known
"The joy of innocent delights?
"Endearing days for ever flown,
"And tranquil nights?

"O LIVE!—and deeply cherish still
"The sweet remembrance of the past:
"Rely on Heav'n's unchanging will
"For peace at last.

"Art thou a WANDERER?—Hast thou seen
"O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?
"A shipwreck'd sufferer hast thou been,
"Misfortune's mark?

"Though

" Though long of winds and waves the sport,
" Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,
" LIVE!—thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
" A quiet home.

" To FRIENDSHIP didst thou trust thy fame,
" And was thy friend a deadly foe,
" Who stole into thy breast, to aim
" A surer blow?

" LIVE!— and repine not o'er his loss,
" A loss unworthy to be told:
" Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
" For Friendship's gold.

" Go seek that treasure, seldom found,
" Of pow'r the fiercest griefs to calm,
" And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
" With heavenly balm.

" In woman hast thou plac'd thy bliss,
" And did the fair one faithless prove?
" Hath she betray'd thee with a kiss,
" And sold thy love?

" LIVE!—'twas a false bewildering fire;
" Too often love's insidious dart
" Thrills the fond soul with sweet desire,
" But kills the heart.

" A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
" A brighter maiden's virtuous charms!
" Blest shall thou be, supremely blest,
" In Beauty's arms.

" —— Whate'er thy lot,—whoe'er thou be,—
" Confess thy folly,—kiss the rod;
" And in thy chastening sorrows see
" The hand of GOD.

" A bruised reed He will not break;
" Afflictions all His children feel;
" He wounds them for His mercy's sake,
" He wounds to heal!

" Humbled beneath His mighty hand,
" Prostrate His Providence adore:
" 'Tis done!—Arise! HE bids thee stand,
" To fall no more.

" Now, traveller in the vale of tears!
" To realms of everlasting light,
" Through Time's dark wilderness of years,
" Pursue thy flight.

" There

" There is a calm for those who weep,
" A rest for weary pilgrims found;
" And while the mouldering ashes sleep,
Low in the ground;

" The soul, of origin divine,
" God's glorious image, free'd from clay,
" In Heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day!

" The SUN is but a spark of fire,
" A transient meteor in the sky;
" The SOUL, immortal as its Sire,
SHALL NEVER DIE."

EMILY:

A FRAGMENT.

" BUT she is dead now, Sir!" said my kindly conductor, " and lies in that turf-covered grave, so neatly kept, where the pale primrose is purposely planted by her village friends, as an emblem of the purity of her innocence, ere the heated hand of intemperance destroyed the lovely blossom!"

Here a tear of tender sorrow gracefully trickled down the furrowed face of the aged man.

" Ah! Sir," he resumed, " it was a piteous sight to behold poor Emily, once so gay and animated, wandering about, sometimes with dishevelled hair, at others plaited with the wild-briar rose, or any simple flower, Nature offered to her hand; whilst the vacant gaze of her azure eye, but too plainly told the thoughtful traveller's heart, that sense no longer swayed her mind.

" Never can I forget the day which ended the sufferer's sorrow. Excuse an old man's tears; for my heart is now grown weak, and cannot resist a tribute of grief to the poor maniac's memory: on that sad day, heavily howled the wint'ry storm, and fast fell the snow on Emily's bosom, which there melted away

away in a tear of envy, to find itself outvied in whiteness by her beauteous breast! Unheeding, she passed on, "with solemn step, and slow," and her lingering footsteps led her she knew not whither: the night closed in awful terrors round her; a long and desolate wild extended far on every side;

"No gladsome taper gleam'd upon her way,
"Nor moon, nor stars, sent forth one friendly ray."

She found no path that pointed to her home; though, alas! had she met with one, her distracted imagination would probably have led her from it. Soon she felt the grasp of Death; in chilly coldness he threw his arms around her:

"Her sinking form the snows divide;"

and with one heart-bursting sigh, she uttered her seducer's name, and ended her earthly existence."

Here I felt the sympathising tear-drop, bursting from my own eye: I tried not to check it, but let the tribute of woe fall on her "grass-grown grave." My soul seemed bettered by the effusion, and in chastened grief I exclaimed, "Peace to thy memory, hapless fair one! Seduction's cruelty, base and undermining arts, lured thee to destruction; a moment of unguarded confidence led the way to hours of endless misery; thy yet untainted mind sunk under its accumulated load; madness usurped the throne of Reason, till Death, with untimely power, hurried thee to the tomb, while thy detested seducer smiled in triumph."

Unmanly, ungenerous, exultation! Where, let me ask, is the triumph in tearing from a virtuous family, its dearest and best treasure, a modest female, either to add to the already crowded mass of baneful prostitution, or to perish like poor Emily!

To such a man, or rather *to such a fiend*, as Emily's seducer, we may say with particular propriety,

"No mother, sister, sure thou hast,
"Or else a pang you must have known,
"More keen than if the light'ning's blast
"Had dash'd you lifeless on yon stone."

January 30th, 1806. J. M. L.

A JEALOUS MAN

IS a melancholy he-cat—a wild man—a staring man; looks behind him as if a kennel of hounds had him in chase. He sighs, beats his breast, and wrings his hands. Is his wife fair? though ever so honest, she is false. Is she witty? then she is wanton. Speaks any friend to her? he wooes her. Smiles she on him? there is a promise. Is she merry at home? it is but to mock him. Is she sad? she will anon be merry abroad. Is she gone far from home? then his head aches, and his breast pants. Stays she out long? then he is horn-mad, and runs bellowing like a bull, up and down to find her.

His body grows lean with fretting—his face pale with his fears. His goods melt away by his carelessness. Old age claps him on the shoulder, while he is yet young; and his head grows white, before it is old. His children he will not love, because he suspects they are bastards. He is never merry at heart, never sleeps soundly; never sits, but sighs; never walks, but is distracted: and dies in despair, to leave her to any other.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

Mr. Editor,

THOUGH I would by no means wish to anticipate or forestall any of your correspondents' intentions, particularly those of an Old Lady whom I so heartily admire, yet the observations of Mr. Bullock have recalled to my recollection, the extraordinary transitions which have taken place in a family of his own description, within the short period of thirteen years; and as the relation of these circumstances may prove beneficial to a certain class of your readers, I shall beg leave to relate them in simple and unvarnished terms.

My father, Mr. Editor, was an independent country gentleman; his family consisted of five daughters and four sons; and as the eldest, according to the form of law, was destined to inherit the greater part of his property, it became necessary that myself, and brothers, should either make choice of a profession, or a trade. Fortunately for me, a maternal uncle felt an attachment to my person in consequence of my name, and requested I might be sent to the West Indies when I had reached the age of seventeen. My elder brother at that time had every appearance of longevity; I therefore eagerly accepted the proposal I had received; and my affection for him was so strong, that beggary would have been preferable to the greatest advantages I could have received from his decease.

My father's property was entirely landed, and chiefly consisted in what is termed small farms. We were surrounded by a happy tenantry, with whom we lived upon the most sociable terms. At the extremity of the avenue which led to our house, resided a Mr. Sawbridge, whom, from the contiguity of the situation, my brothers and self visited in the most familiar

miliar way; and as we were the sons of his landlord, we were always treated with hospitality and respect.

Industry marked the character of Mr. Sawbridge; he rose up early, and went late to rest; in short, he was so indefatigable, that in a few years he became an independent man. His family consisted of one son and three daughters: the former assisted his father in agricultural affairs; and the latter were allowed to be the best dairy-women which the surrounding neighbourhood produced. The elder of these girls, who was then only denominated Sally Sawbridge, was about my own age when I quitted my native land; and the other two (who were twins) were one year younger, but equally admired for their notability, by all the adjacent farmers' sons.

I remained in the West Indies, Mr. Editor, the time I have mentioned, and returned in consequence of my beloved brother's death; for as, by that melancholy event, I became heir to my father's fortune, he was desirous that I should superintend the property which I was destined to possess. It was late in the evening when I arrived at the place of my nativity, yet the gloom of night had not totally obscured the objects I had been accustomed to behold; and as I approached my paternal dwelling, I eagerly looked for the humble farm-house. Not the slightest vestige was to be traced of former humility; yet an elegant modern structure was erected in its place; and I actually believed my father, in consequence of the death of a beloved son, had removed his habitation; and, for the convenience of a large family, had built a new house. Enquiry, however, proved this opinion to be erroneous; and that Farmer Sawbridge's son was the possessor of this elegant retreat. But if astonishment had been excited by the external appearance of the building, how much more strongly was that sentiment called forth upon viewing it within!

Instead

Instead of that neatness and simplicity which had once marked the abode of the former possessor, a tawdry kind of elegance had supplied their place; and old Sawbridge, who accidentally called at the moment of my entrance, perceiving astonishment marked upon my countenance, addressed me in the following words.

"I see, Sir, you are surprised, and God knows well you may be; but my son and daughters would have their own way, and so, for the sake of a little peace and quietness, I consented to become a fool in my old age. It would make your hair stand an end, if I was to describe all the vagaries of my daughters, who, when you quitted England, were as good girls as ever drew breath: but I wish the devil had taken all the would-be-fine gentlewomen, before any of them had come to settle in our village. Your Honor must recollect poor old Joe Thresher. Well, his eldest son happened to marry one of these stuck-up fine dames, the daughter of a grazier, who lived some where near *Lunnon;* and Madam, forsooth, because she had the ready rhino, soon pulled the house about the old man's ears, and has built another, more fit for the Squire, your father, to live in, than for a farmer's wife. This tricked-out Madam thought proper to take a great fancy to my daughters, and, after the death of my poor mistress, almost lived at our house; and I soon began to feel the effect of bad example; for they in a short time were above looking after the poultry, or minding the dairy, and the cows. If I remonstrated against the impropriety of their conduct, or brought up their poor mother's name as a pattern for them to pursue, I was soon silenced by some remark which had been made by Mrs. Thresher, upon the ungentility of young ladies troubling their heads about the vulgar concerns of a farmhouse; and as my heart was half broken with grief for the loss of my poor Sarah, I had not spirit, as one may say, to contend with the girls. But this, Sir, is

not all; for my son must e'en imitate the example of his sisters, and, instead of following the plough, or driving the team to market himself, my gentleman informed me, it was beneath his dignity, and insisted upon my having an additional man.

"I did not so easily give up to my son as I had done to my daughters; but a plan seemed to have been formed against me, and I was forced to yield. I was then beset by young Thresher, to purchase a hunter for my young sportsman, who, instead of minding the farm, thought of nothing but his dog and his gun. I stood out a long time; but at last was teased into compliance; for, all together, they made me quite sick of life. But these were but the beginning of my vexations; for in a few months a fine dressed-up minx from *Lunnon* came to pass the summer with Thresher's wife. She was pretty enough, to be sure: but such a lump of pride and affectation, I am certain your Honor never beheld: and as the Devil would have it, Dick fancied himself in love with her, and swore he'd never marry any other girl. I both preached and prayed; but all to no purpose: the head-strong boy would have his own way; and so I thought it better to submit to the misfortune with a tolerable grace. My daughter-in-law resembled the snail in one instance; for as that carries its house, she carried her fortune upon her back: and though, from the appearance she made, every person believed her to be a young woman of large property, the few hundred pounds she had once been mistress of, were all expended upon dress. She was a near relation of Thresher's wife; and a scheme had been projected to form a marriage between her and my infatuated son, who, I believe, has frequently cursed the hour that first introduced him to his precious help-mate, if such a term can be applicable to a woman who spends faster than he earns.

"Upon the commencement of their marriage, we all lived together; but that plan, your Honor may suppose,

suppose, would not long do; so I gave up my farm to my son; and persuaded the Squire to sell me a few acres of land, upon which I have built a little cottage, where I live in contentment, and hope to die in peace."

"But you have not informed me, (said I,) my honest friend, how your farm-house came to be converted into this elegant habitation."

"Lord bless me! (replied the worthy Sawbridge,) no more I have. Why, my Lady Fine-airs, as I call her, soon after her marriage, must needs go to *Lunnon*, for the sake of seeing her relations, and friends; and the lottery happening to be drawing at that time, as ill-luck would have it, she bought a share. Your Honor will wonder that I should make use of that expression, when I tell you that she got two-and-twenty hundred pounds: but her head was quite turned with this piece of good fortune, and it produced almost as bad an effect upon the mind of my son. The farm-house had always been an object of this fine lady's aversion, and she made her husband as out of conceit with it, as she was herself; and the short and the long is, that he persuaded the Squire to grant him a ninety year's lease. Of this design I was kept in ignorance, or I warrant ye, I would have put a spoke in the wheel; but I knew no more of the matter than a new-born infant, until I saw the workmen beginning to pull the old house about their ears. Never shall I forget what I felt upon discovering what was going forward: I loved every piece of timber about it, and was attached to every stone; and well I might; for generation after generation, all our family had sucked their mothers' milk in that very house. And this, your Honor, is the gew-gaw edifice they have built upon the old foundation! It is more fit for a place to exhibit a puppet-shew in, than for the residence of a plain farming man. Besides, Sir, instead of having their cow-houses and stables under their own *ken*, as I may say, they have built them

quite out of sight of the house; because Madam, forsooth, could not bear the idea of having a parcel of husbandmen under her nose."

The honest farmer was prevented from proceeding in his narration, by the entrance of the two persons who had actually proved the bane of his own and his family's peace. Mrs. Sawbridge had been paying a morning visit to Mrs. Thresher, and that elegantly-apparelled female accompanied her home; and had I not been previously prepared to behold two beings whose dress was upon an equality with the first women of fashion, I should have supposed they must have been ladies of title, rather than farmers' wives. If their appearance was calculated to excite astonishment, their manners produced a very different effect: for levity and insolence were so blended, that I found it difficult to refrain from expressing my contempt.

To increase the surprise which the *tout ensemble* had occasioned, a young man, mounted upon a handsome hunter, in a fashionable morning dress, rode up to the door, and giving his horse to a boy in livery, unceremoniously entered the room. "This is our young Squire, Dick, just returned from the West Indies," said the honest farmer, addressing his son. The genius of the immortal Hogarth seemed suddenly to appear before me, and I could scarcely avoid exclaiming, "Is this my son Tom!" Whether Mr. Richard Sawbridge really felt the impropriety of having assumed an appearance which the education he had received rendered him unable to support, or whether he possessed a natural *mauvaise-honte* of character, I cannot pretend to say; but certain it is, that my presence excited embarrassment; and at that moment, I believe, he heartily wished me on the other side the sea.

Old Sawbridge, whom I easily discovered was no welcome visitor, intreated me to do him the honor of visiting his little cot; and at the same time informed me, it was not more than a mile distant from his son's house.

house. I readily accepted the worthy man's invitation; and scarcely would he suffer the door to close, when he exclaimed, "Well, Sir, don't you think my family have undergone a strange *transmogrification?* Why, your Honor, I'll be bound for it, would not even have known my son."

"A few years, my honest friend, (I replied,) doubtless make a great alteration in the manners of society; yet I candidly acknowledge, I should not have known your son; and I cannot help deploring that the middle class of the community should so totally forget the station to which they were born. By industry and application, you have raised your children to a state of independence; and though they are weak enough to imitate the manners of their superiors, I trust they will not involve themselves in debt; for though your son cannot be saving property, yet, through your exertions, the horn of plenty has been thrown into his lap."

"I have made seven thousand pounds, Sir, by dint of hard labor, (rejoined this useful member of society, at the same time passing his hand across his eyes, to conceal the tear which the folly of his chil- had produced:) four I have already given to Richard, who, instead of making money, goes down hill every day: for farming, your Honor, is an occupation which, of all others, requires a master's penetrating eye." "But your daughters, Sawbridge, I hope prove a comfort and blessing to you." "Not much of that, Sir, (replied the unfortunate parent.) My eldest married a rider, who was an intimate acquaintance of Thresher's wife, and I fear he makes but a sorry kind of husband, although the poor girl does not complain. The other two live with me: but, Lord bless your Honor, for the matter of that, I might as well be alone; for their sister-in-law has given them such a hankering after reading, that they are never without a book in their hands: not that I am

am an enemy to *larning;* but them there novels, I know, have been many a young woman's bane.

"There's my Bet, as I live! reading one at this moment," exclaimed the old man, directing my eyes towards a female seated upon a style, and who, though not dressed in the expensive manner of her sister, yet was very improperly habited for a farmer's daughter or wife.

He hallooed to this young woman, exclaiming, "Bet! why don't ye get up, and make a courtesy to the young Squire, who is just returned from foreign parts?". But Bet's mind was too much occupied by the hero of her romantic story, to pay any attention to her father's remarks. "There, Sir, you see how it is with me, (said the farmer;) these girls are no more company for me, than if I lived with a couple of blocks."

We approached this abstracted young lady, without exciting the slightest observation; and, upon my companion's accosting her in rather an audible tone of voice, she affected to be as much disconcerted, as if a cannon had unexpectedly been let off at her ear. She arose, however, and congratulated me upon my arrival, with as much dignity as a tragedy queen; and recollecting what she had been when I quitted my native country, I scarcely could credit the evidence of my eyes. Though it was impossible for her to have refused accompanying me to her father's cottage, I easily discovered, that our unexpected arrival had disconcerted some scheme; and accidentally directing my eyes towards an adjacent meadow, I perceived a young man watching our movements, whose person was in part concealed by a thick hedge. Miss Bet, or rather Miss Eliza, for by that appellation I found she chose to be accosted, evidently observed that I had seen this lover in disguise; and her face instantly became overspread with the most lively crimson; and she directed towards me a supplicating glance, the purport of which I easily comprehended;

bended; and walked forward without making any remark. My curiosity, however, was strongly excited by this circumstance; and, by an involuntary impulse, my eyes were directed to Miss Eliza's shape, which, in spite of the advantages derived from fashion, struck me as appearing of a very uncommon size.

Upon arriving at the cottage, I was introduced to Miss Susannah, who was a perfect prototype of the young lady whom we had seen in our walk; except her person appearing infinitely more slender; for the more I saw of Eliza, the more strongly my suspicions were confirmed. I passed near an hour with the worthy old Sawbridge, and drank with him a jug of excellent home-brewed ale; but by so doing, I perceived that these accomplished females formed a very contemptible idea of my gentility.

Upon arriving at my father's, Mr. Editor, I paid a visit to an old housekeeper, who had lived in the family five-and-twenty years; and from her account, all my suspicions were completely confirmed. The young man whom I had observed watching our motions, she informed me, was one of the most dissipated debauchees in the neighbourhood; and though poor old Sawbridge was blind to his daughter's situation, yet every other person in the village perceived it, and made their remarks.

Thus, Mr. Editor, has a family who, for generations past, had rendered themselves respectable, sunk into obloquy and contempt, merely from the force of bad example, and the desire of appearing above the station which Providence designed them to fill. The history of the Sawbridges, I am convinced, represents no uncommon picture; yet every reflecting mind must deplore that alteration of manners, which is productive of such deplorable effects: for many an industrious parent sees that property which he acquired by so much labor and exertion, wasted by a

progeny,

progeny, for whom he daily toiled to procure comforts, and bread!

As the Lady's Museum, Mr. Editor, is a work in general circulation, I flatter myself that the faithful description of the Sawbridges may act as a warning to persons in their sphere of life; never to deviate from that line of conduct which their stations point out as proper for them to pursue.

F. C.

PARENTAL CRUELTY:

A SKETCH.

"ONCE more do I revisit these scenes of my past infancy, once more behold my native fertile plains!" exclaimed Henry, as he approached the humble dwelling of St. Elmer. "Long have I been a wretched exile from this peaceful spot. Oft-times, in the days of my captivity, did Fancy picture it to my view, and bring to my remembrance the dear inhabitants that it contains; but now my fond hopes will be realized; again shall I behold my lovely Ellen: and mine will be the delightful task to chase the tear of sorrow from her cheek, and to take her from this humble dwelling, to place her in a station she was destined by Nature to adorn. No parent now lives to impede our wishes. Cruel and relentless father! to banish me from her I held so dear! to banish me from her whose only crime was poverty. Alas! had you known the mild virtues of my Ellen, you surely had not prohibited your unhappy son from loving her. How oft have I wandered o'er these fields with my Ellen! and, whilst the sun was sinking behind yon distant hill, she has been seated on this rustic seat, and warbled to me the notes of some favorite song! But why do I delay to fly to the dear girl, to recal those happy scenes to mind? Again will they be realized. I will approach.

proach. All seems silent as the grave! Defend me, Heaven!—a sad presentiment comes o'er my mind. May angels guard my love!" Henry lifted up the latch; all was still as death. The room appeared deserted.—He gazed wildly around—a faint groan issued from an inner apartment. Henry rushed forward, and opened the door.—Oh, heavens! who can describe his feelings at that moment? What language can express his grief? On a bed lay the emaciated form of the once blooming Ellen; and beside it the venerable form of St. Elmer, bending over his beloved daughter, offering up a prayer to heaven for his dying child.

At the sudden motion, the venerable man arose, and turning round, sunk into the arms of Henry, and sobbed aloud. Henry approached the bed, and clasped her almost lifeless hand. Her eyes were closed, and he imagined her soul was fled for ever: but, at the well-known voice that vibrated on her ear, she opened her eyes, and gazing on Henry and her father alternately, made an effort to speak. The sentence murmured on her lips. "Adieu, my beloved father, and my long-mourned Henry! adieu." ——She paused.—"Your cruel father forbade that we should love. But in Heaven we shall meet again. Your exile gave the final blow to all my peace. Yet now I die in peace, since I have beheld thee once again." She grasped his burning hand with fervour. Her lips still moved. A heavenly smile still played upon her features; and looking intently on her father and Henry, she heaved a deep-drawn sigh, and her spirit fled for ever.

Henry flung himself beside the inanimate form of the hapless Ellen, and gazing wildly on her lifeless features, lovely even in death, "Ah! Ellen, my beloved Ellen!" exclaimed the frantic youth, "little did I think that thus we should have met! Rest in peace, sweet, injured excellence; thy sorrows have been great. Alas! how all my schemes of future

bliss are fled! How had I pictured years of happiness and joy! Ah, Ellen! all are fled with thee!" Then starting from his kneeling posture, and striking his burning forehead, he staggered, and fell senseless on the floor. St. Elmer sprang forward, and raised the insensible youth from the ground. It was long ere he recovered; and then, alas! his senses were fled for ever! He gazed, and starting from the encircling arms of St. Elmer, rushed from the house.

A few days after, the body of the hapless Ellen was consigned to the peaceful grave; and Henry, whose madness now had settled into melancholy, often visited her tomb, where one morning the hapless youth was found stretched forth upon her grave, a cold and breathless corpse. He was interred by his faithful Ellen. The afflicted St. Elmer did not long survive the hapless pair, but joined them in that silent mansion where the wretched rest in peace.

STELLA.

A LETTER

From a young Man in the Country to his Brother at London.

Dear Brother,

I ARRIVED at M—— on the 24th, after having travelled two days successively. My health is little better; the air of the country neither gives vigour to my spirits, nor health to my countenance. Though I walk in green fields, and listen to the songs of the feathered tribe, I am dejected and melancholy. The verdure of the fields, and the melody of the birds, only bring to my recollection those days which must never return. Though I am surrounded by scenes as beautiful as were ever painted by

by the imagination of youth, or sung by the poet, I enjoy them but little. I am rapidly descending the hill of human existence, and shall soon arrive at the door of the tomb.

Last Thursday I completed my 18th year. I spent it in meditation on my past life, and in prayer for resignation to the will of Heaven.

I, like every other young man, had formed a plan for a long life, and had amused myself with dreams of happiness which must never be realized. I had considered how I might appear to the best advantage on the theatre of the world, and how I might best gain the applause of my spectators. When arrived at age, I intended to chuse a partner, with whom I might pass through life in the enjoyment of reciprocal affection. Being settled in the marriage state, and being favored with children, I was to teach them to love virtue, and to hate vice. When I had accumulated a little fortune, I was to retire from the busy world, to spend the remainder of my life amid the shade of the forests, and the coolness of the groves. I was to rise with the sun; to enjoy days of perfect happiness, and at night to resign myself to undisturbed and peaceful slumbers. Every day was to bring me new inclinations, and new enjoyments; and every day to see me satisfied with my condition. In my leisure hours, I was to fly to my library, to exhilarate my spirits with the works of those who have slept for ages in the silence of the grave. I was to delight myself with the beauties of our most celebrated poets; the sublimity of Milton and Young; the elegant descriptions of Nature by Thomson; the sympathy of Goldsmith; and the smooth numbers of Pope. I was not to confine myself to the poets, but occasionally to improve my language with studying the correctness of Johnson, and others eminent for the dignity and purity of their style. I was to live to old age; to be liberal to the poor, and to reward the labors of the industrious. Death was seldom

thought of; the contemplation was always considered as destructive to present enjoyment. The day when I should arrive at manhood, was often anticipated with delight: marriage appeared as a state from which sorrow was excluded, and in which nothing but happiness was to be found: but the day on which I should close my eyes on the world for ever, so far from being fixed, was never thought of.

But this dream of the imagination is passed away: my boundaries are fixed, and beyond them I cannot pass. Though I promised myself long life, I am dying in my youth: and though I once pleased myself with the prospect of a happy retirement, I must now retire into the grave.

Remember me affectionately to my sister. I am sorry to hear my father is indisposed: I hope he will soon recover. I have not forgotten his admonitions; I often think I hear the voice that taught me the truths of religion, and directed me to the regions of happiness.

This is probably the last time I shall write to you, as my physicians give me little hope of recovery. Pray for me, that I may enjoy my reasoning faculties, and at last find forgiveness for my sins.

I look back upon my past life as upon a short journey, in which I have enjoyed but little, and promised myself much; in which hope has exhibited fair prospects, which I ignorantly followed, whilst death and eternity were forgotten. But my eyes are now open; I see my error, and hope I shall be enabled to repent, and seek support in the consolations of religion.

I have little more to add. May you, when in my situation, find better prospects, and be animated by better hopes. May you not have to seek religion when you should be reaping its advantages. May you be prosperous in all your temporal concerns; and when you arrive at the end of your journey, may you be admitted into a better world.

Adieu.

Adieu. When the hand which now writes is motionless in the grave, and when this dream of life shall have passed away, think sometimes of him who has always loved you with the affection of a brother, and confided in you as his most faithful friend. Pray for me, that I may be enabled to bear with fortitude the sufferings I may have to undergo, and that after this life, I may be admitted into the mansions of happiness. Adieu! Adieu!

I remain

Your affectionate Brother.

THE GENEROUS COMMANDER.

AN ANECDOTE.

THE imperial General, Montecuculi, had commanded, under pain of death, that no person should pass through the corn-fields. A soldier, returning from a village, and ignorant of the prohibition, took a path that led across the fields. Montecuculi, who perceived his violation of military discipline, sentenced him to be hanged, and dispatched the necessary orders to the provost of the army. The soldier, however, continuing to approach his General, alleged his entire ignorance of the prohibition. "Let the provost do his duty," said Montecuculi. The soldier, whom they had not yet thought of disarming, was enraged and desperate at this injustice and inflexibility. "I have not been guilty," he exclaimed; "but now I am!" and instantly fired his piece at Montecuculi. He happily missed his aim; but this great man, allowing for the feelings of a brave soldier, pardoned him on the spot.

AN EPISTOLARY ESSAY

Upon the Misfortune of Hereditary Insanity.

Mr. Editor,

Of all the misfortunes incident to human nature, and of all the diseases to which it is exposed, none is so affectingly deplorable as a derangement of mind.

I have often been struck with the impropriety of an expression used by an author of celebrity, whose name I cannot at this moment recollect, but which, I doubt not, the greater number of my readers may have frequently heard, "There is a pleasure in being mad, which none but madmen know." A pleasure! Good heavens! Can a deprivation of the reasoning faculties ever be supposed to convey gratification or delight? Or can beings, whose only superiority over the brute creation consists in their intellectual capacities, be considered happy when that intelligence is no longer of any use?

That trifles are capable of amusing persons who labor under that dreadful infirmity, does not admit of a doubt; but how seldom are these wretched creatures permitted to derive amusement from those innocent gratifications, which are calculated to divert the imbecility of their minds! Pleasure, surely, must be a stranger to that bosom, destined to feel all the torture which ignorance and cruelty is able to devise; whose body is confined by painful coercion; and whose keeper possesses all the savage barbarity of a brute.

That persons laboring under this degrading malady, require a decisive mode of conduct, and frequently personal restraint, is a truth founded upon observation; yet cruelty and subjection differ very widely. Those who are intrusted with the care of these most pitiable of God's creatures, are generally selected from

from the lowest class of the human race; and to place power in the hands of those whose judgment is incapable of instructing them how to use it, is like putting a drawn sword into the possession of a child. They have no idea that it is possible to obtain authority without the aid of coercion; or that they can acquire dominion but by the most savage means; and the victim of a disease inflicted by the hand of Omnipotence, is treated with a severity at which humanity ought to blush!

This assertion is made from melancholy conviction: I have, Mr. Editor, been an eye witness of its truth: and as the relation I am about to give, may induce the friends of those unfortunate beings who are afflicted with this dreadful malady, not wholly to intrust them to a brutal keeper's care, I request you to insert a matter-of-fact story in your judicious Work.

Henry T—— and myself were educated at the same academy. The bonds of friendship were formed between us at an early period of youth, which, as we advanced in years, time strengthened into an attachment, which, I trust, will continue to the end of our lives. As is generally the case, different pursuits divided us. My friend was placed with a lawyer; I was bred for the Church. By letter, however, Henry informed me, that it was his intention to marry as soon as he was out of his time. He was warm in his friendship, but enthusiastic in his attachment: he represented the object of his affection rather as a divinity, than a being liable to frailties and faults; and intreated me to become the sharer of his felicity, by personally witnessing the amiable propensities of his Eliza's heart.

I complied with his request; and beheld in Eliza, an assemblage of personal and mental attractions, which seldom are combined. She was, indeed, all that is lovely in woman; and I warmly participated in the good fortune of my friend. Henry was desirous the ceremony should be performed during my

residence in Gloucestershire, that I might tie the indissoluble knot: but three days before that fixed upon for the celebration of the marriage, my ears were shocked by a most appalling account. The mother of the amiable Eliza had been afflicted with that greatest of human calamities, and died under a mental disease. To this circumstance I found my friend was a total stranger; but I considered it a duty incumbent upon me, to point out the danger of fulfilling the engagement he had formed. It was in vain that I pointed out the propriety of Eliza's remaining in a state of celibacy; and the misery which would inevitably attend a union formed with a being, who, in all probability, would, some time or other, feel the dreadful effects of an hereditary disease: for, though Henry deplored the misfortune which appeared suspended over the head of his Eliza, he declared that no power on earth should ever induce him to forfeit his word.

That this amiable young woman had been kept in total ignorance of this hereditary infirmity, I was convinced of, from a conversation which was accidentally introduced by a gentleman of our acquaintance on the evening previous to that day on which she became a wife; for, being an entire stranger to Eliza's family, he expatiated upon the miserable fate of those whom, from natural causes, were liable to a mental disease. The unsuspicious girl perfectly agreed with him in opinion, that those who were even remotely allied to persons afflicted with that most deplorable of all complaints, ought never even to think of entering into a matrimonial engagement; as the very idea of entailing such a calamity upon posterity, was sufficient to embitter every enjoyment of life. This conversation produced such violent emotion in the breast of poor Henry, that, to avoid observation, he was under the necessity of quitting the room. I followed him, and renewed all the arguments

guments I had made use of to dissuade him from the alliance on the preceding day.

"What you mean as kindness, (said he,) operates as cruelty. Too well do I know the methods I ought to pursue; but if perdition was to be the consequence of my intended marriage, still I could not have sufficient resolution to destroy the peace of that lovely girl. How could I wound that heart which would bleed to save mine from every suffering? My Eliza has not the slightest suspicion of that deplorable calamity which hangs over her head: and may the wretch who could be savage enough but to hint the dreadful inheritance she is heir to, expire at the moment the intelligence escapes his lips! No, my friend, rather let it be my study to counteract the impelling force of Nature. Be it my office to shield the bosom of Eliza from every grief and care; and as the mind and body are intimately connected, I indulge the hope that, by preserving the former in a state of tranquillity, I shall destroy the very seeds of this dreadful disease."

Though I trembled for the future happiness of this amiable young man, I could not avoid admiring the delicacy of his sentiments; yet I performed the ceremony which united their fate for ever, with emotions which it would be difficult to describe: and when I arrived at that part which implores the Almighty to bless them with a fruitful offspring, I could not resist the inclination I felt to omit the prayer. Eliza, however, was too much agitated to remark this omission: but Henry's intelligent countenance is never to be forgot; for it seemed at once to accuse me of having imperfectly performed my duty, and to express a firm reliance upon the beneficence of an Almighty God.

Nature, doubtless, formed these amiable beings for each other. Never was domestic happiness greater than theirs. At the termination of a year, Eliza became a mother; and no one alarming symptom attended

tended her lying-in. In the space of eleven months, Henry received a second pledge of conjugal affection. During this confinement, Eliza appeared equally well: in short, eight years elapsed, and during that period not any thing occurred to call forth Henry's fears. I rejoiced in the felicity of this charming couple as much as if the happiness had been my own, and began to think that mental diseases were not so hereditary as were generally supposed. Alas! I was too soon confirmed in my former opinion! But Eliza, during the space of time I have mentioned, had been a stranger to grief and care; her wishes had ever been anticipated by the fond attentions of a husband, whose solicitude and affection every day increased.

Eliza's attachment to her husband could only be equalled by the maternal tenderness she felt towards her children, the elder of whom was seven years of age; and the younger, at this eventful part of her history, hung at its mother's breast. She had just recovered from her fifth confinement, when, tempted by the mildness of the evening to take the air, she strolled into the garden, accompanied by her youthful offspring, and attended by their nurse-maid. My friend was peculiarly partial to the study of botany; and, for the convenience of the gardener, sunk a well near his kitchen ground, which was covered with boards; and the man was strictly ordered never to leave it unlocked. A cucumber bed unfortunately was near this confined body of water, over which the gardener had incautiously thrown a mat, whilst he was busily occupied in watering the tender plants. Charles, the eldest of Eliza's children, perceiving the gardener at a distance, instantly quitted his mother's hand, and bounding towards the man with all the playfulness of childhood, attempted to cross the deceptious mat. The eyes of this fond mother eagerly followed the object of her affection, who, in less than a minute, suddenly disappeared. Eliza darted

forward with the swiftness of an eagle, and beheld her darling sink as she arrived at the spot! Her shrieks rent the air. The gardener flew to her assistance, and caught her cloaths as she was in the very act of precipitating herself after the child! Henry, roused by her cries, reached the spot at the same moment. What a sight for a husband and father to behold! By this time all the servants were assembled; and committing Eliza to their care, he resolved to risk his own existence in an attempt to preserve that of his son. Making the rope secure round his body, in spite of all intreaties, he insisted upon being let down. Heaven prospered the undaunted enterprise, and he was drawn up with the child in his arms. It appeared lifeless: but by unremitting attention, and the means prescribed by the Humane Society having been applied, in less than half an hour the delighted parent had the happiness of observing symptoms of life!

The neighbours, who had been collected by the shrieks of Eliza, had judiciously summoned medical aid; and by the advice of Mr. Collins, she was, during a state of insensibility, carried into the house. The moment Henry perceived signs of returning existence in the little fellow, he flew to impart the joyful intelligence to his wife; but one fit so rapidly succeeded the other, that it was in vain for him to expect an interval of sense. Ten thousand times did he repeat the joyful intelligence that their beloved Charles was safe; for the faculty of hearing appeared totally annihilated; and it was evident that no object was discernible, though she momentarily opened her eyes. For several days she remained in this alarming state of insensibility: at length the powers of recollection returned; but, alas! only to add despair to the poignancy of poor Henry's sufferings; for Eliza's piercing cries would have made an impression upon the most callous heart.

It

It was with the utmost difficulty that she could be confined to her bed, or even her chamber; for, in spite of precaution, she would frequently burst from the hands which attempted to constrain her flight; exclaiming, in wild accents, "My beloved boy is drowning! Will none of you fly to rescue the expiring child?" Repeatedly was the terrified boy conveyed to the bedside of his distracted mother, who neither recognized his person, or the tone of his voice; although, with tears of tenderness, he assured her, "he was, indeed, her own dear Charles."

Week after week elapsed without a hope of amendment; but at last nature seemed exhausted by the exertions it had made: the fever, which had been occasioned by the shock, declined gradually; still the mental malady rather strengthened than decreased.

(To be concluded in the next.)

Of the Effect of Dearness of Provisions upon Working, and upon Manufactures.

BY DR. FRANKLIN.

THE common people do not work for pleasure, generally, but from necessity. Cheapness of provisions makes them more idle; less work is then done; it is then more in demand proportionally, and of course the price rises. Dearness of provisions obliges the manufacturer to work more days, and more hours; thus more work is done than equals the usual demand; of course it becomes cheaper, and the manufactures in consequence.

THE

THE DISINTERESTED MAN.

AN ANECDOTE.

MR. ——, once a Nottinghamshire peasant, who, passing through the different gradations of domestic servitude, in which too many acquire habits of selfishness and low cunning, gave such a striking proof of scrupulous honour, and delicate disinterestedness, as for precept, as well as example, richly deserves to be recorded; for it was an opportunity which most men would have seized for securing independence, and under circumstances in which the peace of a thousand families is daily and irreparably injured, by a perverse combination of folly and indecorum, with fraud and impudence.

The subject of our present article had, for some years, secured the esteem of his master, and all who knew him, by integrity, diligence, and affability, set off and improved by the graces of a well-proportioned form, and a manly and pleasing countenance.

Thus enjoying general regard, and that first of satisfactions, the approbation of his own heart, the tranquillity of his mind was suddenly interrupted by discovering, that he had unintentionally won the affections of a young lady in the family; rich, handsome, and accomplished, the sister of his master; whom, of all women on earth, he would have preferred, had his station been more exalted, or hers less elevated. Agitated and alarmed, and under the deepest impressions of gratitude, propriety, and honor, which, in the war of interests, are found to have so little weight with his superiors, and from the impossibility of entering on an explanation, without mentioning a name which he resolved to run all risks rather than bring into question, he instantly, without communicating his reasons, quitted his post for the Metropolis.

Several years elapsed before the honorable motives of his abrupt departure were at all suspected; but the fair

fair one's attachment to, and perpetual repetition of, tunes which he was known to have been constantly playing on his flute, and her working in embroidery, a little drawing of his sketching which he had left in the butler's pantry, first excited notice. These, and other little circumstances, which alone would hardly have been considered as evidence, but, combined with the state of her health and spirits from the time of his departure, amounting to substantial proof, at length convinced her brother of the generous conduct of his excellent and faithful domestic. Lost in astonishment, sympathising with the struggle in his sister's bosom, and assured of the worth of the man she had loved, notwithstanding the inequality of condition, he could not rest till he had discovered the retreat of one who had distinguished himself by so uncommon an act of self-denial. He recommended him effectually to a man in power, who gave him a lucrative employment, and he gradually acquired sufficient wealth for a moderate man.

Accident, or the impulse of an unconquerable attachment, produced a meeting with his former mistress, and marriage speedily ensued. Mr. ———, at the moment I write, is in the enjoyment of that affluence, and domestic happiness, which worth like his deserves. Such honorable conduct should always be held forth as an exception to the base obliquities of the common herd of sordid and profligate menials, who, to forward the interest of a groveling spirit, from dirty sensuality, or incorrigible indolence, marry for bread; and are perpetually on the watch to take advantage of youthful folly, or mature indiscretion. The miserable victims of these inauspicious unions, which commence without probability of happiness, and are carried on in obscene obscurity, repent when it is too late, and find themselves chained for life, to brutality, discord, ruin, and disgrace.

A.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

COVENT-GARDEN.

March 9.

ANOTHER instance of the fertility of Mr. CUMBERLAND's pen was exhibited to-night, in the production of a new Comedy, under the title of "*A Hint to Husbands.*"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Transit, - - -	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
Sir Charles Le Brun, -	Mr. H. JOHNSTON.
Heartright, - - -	Mr. POPE.
Fairford, - - - -	Mr. FAWCETT.
George Trevor, - -	Mr. BRUNTON.
Pliant, - - - -	Mr. FARLEY.
Harry Sumner, - -	Mr. FIELD.
Hardiman, - - -	Mr. JEFFERIES.
Codicil, - - - -	Mr. EMERY.
O'Dogherty, - - -	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Lady Transit, - - -	Miss SMITH.
Lady Le Brun, - -	Mrs. GLOVER.
Ruth, - - - -	Mrs. EMERY.

Lord Transit, weary of a retired life, and the society of his Lady, (the daughter of *Mr. Fairford,*) whom he had married when an humble girl, without the consent of her father, who was then in Russia, mixes once more in the society of the gay and dissipated, and sends *Lady Transit* home to her father's house. *Fairford*, by the bequest of a friend, is now become exceedingly rich: he forgives his daughter's disobedience, and places a considerable sum of money in her hands, to maintain her dignity; and procures a commission for his nephew, *George*

Trevor, who is disposed to call *Lord Transit* to an account for his behaviour. *Trevor* waits upon his Lordship, who having repented of his misconduct, receives him with respect: and being undeceived by the youth with regard to his suspicions of an intrigue between his Lady and *Sir Charles Le Brun*, he eagerly wishes for a reconciliation. The parties are brought together at the house of *Lady Le Brun*; and *Fairford*, who had discovered, by some papers, the benevolence of *Lord Transit* to his wife, during his absence abroad, relieves his Lordship from great embarrassment, by relinquishing a considerable claim he held upon his estates, and consents to his daughter's reconcilement with him.

"Nothing can come of nothing." In a plot so meagre, our readers will not expect to hear that much interest was excited. There was none. Early in the Piece, the *denouement* was anticipated. It was seen, that the hero of it would be convinced of his error, and would seek a reconciliation; and though it might well have been expected, that this conviction would have been wrought by some powerful incident or situation, calculated to awaken his better feelings, and to recall him to affection, and a sense of duty, no such motive is exhibited: *Lord Transit* is dissatisfied with his wife without a cause; and without a cause for the change, his attachment to her returns. *Lady Le Brun*, too, a dissipated woman of fashion, is suddenly converted to the most amiable of her sex; and the happy termination of the Piece arises wholly from this change. Narratives of this kind, which merely display a variation of temper or disposition in individuals, when no adequate motive for the variation exists, are very inartificial, and always unsatisfactory; and the lesson which this comedy inculcates, had been before given to us in *The School for Friends*, where the story is better told.

In the characters there was no novelty whatever: they are such as we have seen over and over again; and

and the dress in which they were now brought forward, seemed to be rather the worse for wear. The Irish Servant, in the hands of BLANCHARD, lost even the dialect; the only clue, except his name, by which the audience could discover his country. The part allotted to EMERY was wholly unworthy of his talents: in quantity it did not exceed a dozen lines—in substance, it was nothing.

The dialogue, though chaste, and frequently elegant, was, upon the whole, deficient both in sprightliness and vigour. It abounded in the expression of sentimental morality; which, whatever may be its merit in the closet, is, when carried to excess, too *sombre* in its nature to be pleasing on the stage.

Mr. CUMBERLAND, in fact, has written too much, to write now with due pains or enthusiasm. He seems to propose to himself a simple plan, and to go through it with little care towards striking situation, or ingenious and interesting embarrassment: such is peculiarly the character of the present Comedy: but his mind appears to possess so intuitive a sense of elegance, and is imbued with so rich a source of classical allusion, that he cannot write ill. His dialogue is, therefore, always pleasing; and would be so, if he produced a play every fortnight.

The play was, in general, well acted; and though its success was sufficiently decided, it was not attended with that *eclat* that should satisfy Mr. CUMBERLAND. He can now scarcely add to the reputation of the author of *The West Indian*, and *Wheel of Fortune*. They place him far above the level of modern dramatists, a rank which we should always wish him to preserve; though, if it contribute to his comfort or amusement to continue writing, he is never likely to fall below the best of them.

The Prologue, which was well written, promised a Comedy upon the good old model. The Epilogue was well delivered by Miss SMITH, but had no very good points.

THE LITERARY TRIBUNAL.

"*Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.*"

***Domestic Recreation; or Dialogues** illustrative of natural and scientific Subjects. By Priscilla Wakefield, Author of Mental Improvement, &c. 12mo 2s. 6d.*

We are always delighted to meet the name of this most diligent and meritorious writer; for we have never yet perused any of her various works, (and we believe we have carefully examined them all,) without feeling the strongest incentive to promote their circulation. Mrs. Wakefield's publications seem all calculated to inspire in the youthful mind a due sense of religion and morality, and an ingenuous emulation for mental improvement. The present work merits, in our opinion, a better form; but, perhaps, and this we entirely approve, the object was cheapness. It is a very entertaining and useful publication, and a valuable accession to the juvenile library. What relates in particular to the description of the Sea Anemonies is curious, and to children must be particularly interesting. *British Critic.*

An Ode on the Victory and Death of Lord Viscount Nelson, off Trafalgar, Oct. 21, 1805. 8vo. 2s.

This Ode has considerable merit: there is a mixture of the grand and the pathetic, which may render it not improper for recitation. The "Lines addressed to Lord Nelson after his Victory of the Nile," which are appended to this Ode, are rather feeble, and occasionally prosaic. We cannot relish,

> "So do I seek that fame I wish to give,
> And with thy name desire my verse should live."

The request is unreasonable, and we are sorry to say so, for it is made by a *Lady*. In the title-page is a beautifully engraven profile of our immortal hero. *Literary Journal.*

London Cries; or, Pictures of Tumult and Distress: a Poem. To which is added, the Hall of Pedantry, with Notes. 12mo. pp. 75. 4s.

The

The title of this poem will deceive many of its readers, but it will prove an agreeable deception. Even after perusing the preface, for it teaches them that our "*nameless author*" is ambitious of "following the footsteps" of the composer of Mr. Newbery's little book called *London Cries*, and contents himself by "producing those finely contrasted instances of ear-transpiercing treble, and gutturally-muttered bass, in the cries of milk!! and of old cloaths!" p. vii. they will not be led to expect much excellence in the poetry, or solidity in the matter, but in this they will be disappointed.

Our poet classes the London Cries under three heads—1st. The Cries of Business—2dly, The Cries of Folly and Brutality; and 3dly, The Cries of Vice and Misery. He then proceeds, in chaste and elevated numbers, to descant on the "primordial race of Britain, descended from "the numerous progeny of Tiras, the youngest son of Japhet," and continues *ab urbe condita*, till he brings us to the frequently well-drawn pictures of the tumult and distress of the metropolis. *Monthly Mirror.*

An Illustration of the Monastic History and Antiquities of the Town and Abbey of St. Edmund's Bury. By the Rev. Richard Yates, F. S. A. of Jesus College, Cambridge: Chaplain to His Majesty's Royal Hospital, Chelsea; and Rector of Essa, alias Ashen. With Views of the most considerable Monasterial Remains; By the Rev. William Yates, of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. 4to. pp. 318.

With the exception of the work of Dr. Battely, which never was completed, and a very inferior anonymous publication, the public has had no regular account of the Monastery of St. Edmund's Bury. But if we consider its ancient magnificence, its valuable and extensive possessions, its civil and ecclesiastical communities and privileges, there were very few indeed of the conventual establishments in England, to which it was not superior. Its remains also are in a state which excites the curiosity, and justifies the investigations of the antiquarian scholar; Mr. Yates has therefore undertaken and performed a very meritorious office, in illustrating the rise and progress, grandeur and decay, of this formerly splendid establishment.

The author's useful labor is not yet entirely completed; but as this quarto volume has been some time before the public, as it comprehends a great deal of important and valuable information, as it merits the greatest encouragement to proceed to its final accomplishment, we think it just and candid to notice it in its present state, and to give the author our hearty good wishes for his ultimate success. *British Critic.*

An Historical Gallery of the most celebrated Men of all Ages and Nations; containing their Portraits, engraved from the best Originals, with an Abridgment of their Lives, and Observations on their Characters and their Works. By a Society of Men of Letters. Published by C. P. Landon, Painter, formerly Pensionary of the Academy of France, at Rome, the sole Proprietor of the Work. 12mo.

Among the minor productions of literature, at the present time, this deserves to hold no inferior station. The specimen before us, exhibits more care and ability in the execution, than is usually bestowed upon publications of this nature. It does not appear to what extent the work is to be carried. It is published in small portions; and we have before us only two volumes, divided each into two parts.

As appears from the title it is a biographical work; and a biographical work, presenting at the same time an engraved portrait of each individual whose life is contained. It is a performance adapted to the people of light reading: but adapted to their wants with more than ordinary recommendations. The external features of those men whose names stand high in the lists of fame, are an object of curiosity to persons of all descriptions; and when these are accompanied with such a concise account of the life and character of the individual represented, as may be read in a few minutes, numbers will thus be induced to fix in their memories many facts and principles, both historical and literary, with which otherwise they might have remained for ever unacquainted.

Literary Journal.

Essay on the Spirit and Influence of the Reformation of Luther, &c. &c. translated and illustrated with copious Notes, by James Mill, Esq. 8vo. 9s. *Boards.*

Among the phænomena of the present age, the work before us will not rank as the least remarkable. To behold an elaborate and satisfactory account of Luther's reformation, an accurate estimate of its importance, and a comprehensive view of its various benefits, issue from a Catholic metropolis, under the authority of its incorporated science and literature, is at once a novel and a gratifying sight! We cannot witness the just tribute which is thus paid to the memory of the illustrious reformer, nor listen to these liberal testimonies to his inestimable services,—born in a place in which, within our recollection, he would have been treated as a detestable heretic and a schismatic, and in which, more recently, he would have been branded as a hypocrite and a fanatic,—without admitting that our age, however unfavorable its aspect may be in some

respects, furnishes one striking proof of the progress of the human mind. We are told that the performance before us has circulated widely in every part of Europe; and we rejoice in the intelligence, since we know not any publication so well calculated to ameliorate the Roman Catholic religion in the countries in which it is exclusively established. It is, however, much to be feared, that the present agitated state of Europe will prevent it from immediately producing any good effects. *Monthly Review.*

African Memoranda, relative to an Attempt to establish a British Settlement on the Island of Bulama, on the Western Coast of Africa, in the Year 1792. *By Captain Philip Beaver, of his Majesty's Royal Navy.* 4*to.*

These pages make the reader acquainted with the melancholy and unfortunate result of an ill-contrived, and badly-executed, though well-intended expedition to the western coast of Africa, in the year 1792; which was proposed and undertaken by a few gentlemen, with a view to ascertain whether or not it were practicable to cultivate tropical productions on that coast, by means of its free natives, after having fairly bought a tract of land for the purpose. The question of the abolition of the slave trade had, at that time, for four or five years, been violently agitated; and some of those who were advocates for its continuance, boldly asserted, that the Africans were incapable of enjoying freedom, or of being in any great degree civilized; and it was thought that this expedition would decide the injustice of such an opinion. Unfortunately, however, for the Africans, it was so exceedingly ill-conducted, that it was totally given up, ere the latter part of that opinion could be put to the proof, though the former part of it was unequivocally ascertained to be erroneous. *Critical Review.*

Sketches and Observations on the Necessity and Importance of early Tuition in the Art of Dancing, recommended to the Attention of Parents and Guardians. By George Ware, Teacher of that Art in the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. 8*vo. pp.* 60.

Mr. Ware forcibly recommends what he has the skill so well to teach. To *dance well* is one of those accomplishments which, according to Shakespeare, *where virtue is*, renders the possessor *more virtuous.* Lord Chesterfield has also labored hard to shew the necessity of paying early court to the *Graces.* Mr. Ware here urges additional arguments in favour of his art, which not only merit the attention of parents and guardians, but may be useful to many gentlemen in the profession, who call themselves *teachers*, although they have never been *pupils.* Our boarding schools are dreadfully infested with these *quack-dancers.* *Monthly Mirror.*

An Excursion to the Highlands of Scotland and the English Lakes, with Recollections, Descriptions, and References to Historical Facts. 8vo. 291 *pp.* 9*s.*

This is one of the most agreeable and interesting descriptions of a Highland Tour, that we have for a long time seen; and except that allowance must occasionally be made for a little affected quaintness of style, it is a very well written volume.

The author's route was through Huntingdon, Peterborough, Newark, York, Rippon, Durham, Newcastle, Berwick, Edinburgh, Falkirk, Dunbarton, and Inverary; he returned by Glasgow, Lanark, Annan, Carlisle, Keswick, Kendal, Lancaster, Preston, Liverpool, Chester, Stafford, Birmingham, &c.

This narrative is very amusing altogether, and may be fairly recommended as an agreeable companion in the post-chaise of whoever shall undertake to accomplish the same journey.

British Critic.

The Chaplet, a Collection of Poems; partly original, and partly selected from the most approved Authors. 12mo. *pp.* 204. 3*s.* 6*d.*

We do not recollect to have met, for some time past, with a collection of Poems, of so convenient a size, and reasonable price, or including so great a variety of poems of considerable merit. Of the original poems, a few perhaps may be deemed too trite to be inserted in such a collection at the present day, such as Tickell's Colin and Lucy, Shenstone's Nancy of the Vale, and Gray's Hymn to Adversity; the last of which almost every lover of poetry has by heart. But though this may be true, and though some of the more modern poems have scarcely merit enough to entitle them to a place in a selection like the present, the book, upon the whole, will form a very convenient manual for the readers of poetry.

British Critic.

A General View of the Writings of Linnæus. By Richard Pulteney, M. D. F. R. S. The Second Edition, with Corrections, considerable Additions, and Memoirs of the Author. By William George Maton, M. D. F. R. S. F. S. A. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and a Vice-President of the Linnæan Society of London. To which is added, the Diary of Linnæus, written by Himself, and now translated into English from the Swedish Manuscript in the Possession of the Editor. 4to.

Dr.

Dr. Pulteney's General View of the Writings of Linnæus, a work well known to the Naturalist, is deservedly esteemed as exhibiting, in a small compass, a concise and perspicuous analysis of the whole of Linnæus's writings. The first edition was published in 1781, and was so well received by the public, and so much approved of by men of science, that after the year 1785, there was not a copy of it remaining unsold. But its reputation was not confined to this country only. It found its way also into the French language, in a translation published at Paris in 1789. It is not surprising, therefore, that a new edition should have made its appearance. The only thing to be wondered at is that it has been delayed so long. *Literary Journal.*

Specimens of early English Metrical Romances, chiefly written during the early Party of the Fourteenth Century; to which is prefixed an Historical Introduction, intended to illustrate the Rise and Progress of Romantic Composition in France and England. By George Ellis, Esq. 3 Vols. cr. 8vo. 1l. 7s.

In bringing the public acquainted with a number of metrical romances which have hitherto remained almost wholly unheard of, and sometimes preserved in only one extant manuscript, Mr. Ellis has adopted a plan similar to that of some French writers. He has given in prose the whole incidents of the different stories, and has occasionally introduced some passages from the original metrical romance, to render the reader acquainted with its language and composition. Mr. Ellis has executed this task in a manner very acceptable: his style is neat; and the playful manner in which he relates the story, often entertains the reader where he would be ready to feel fatigued and disgusted with the extravagant and ill-conducted fictions of the original. Perhaps, indeed, Mr. Ellis sometimes carries his playfulness too far, when he stops short in the midst of the narrative to break a jest on the absurdity of the composer. *Literary Journal.*

A brief Treatise on Death, philosophically, morally, and practically considered. By Robert Fellowes, A. M. Oxon. 12mo.

This little work is very valuable; it is evidently the production of a scholar, and does credit to the talents which the author is known to possess. The language exhibits a happy union of strength and simplicity, equally calculated to instruct the unlearned and to gratify the well-informed; we are therefore desirous to recommend it to general perusal. While the philosophical reasonings contained

ed in it evince the fragility of life, and the certainty of our dissolution, the considerations drawn from religion teach the Christian to esteem the former as no evil, and the latter as the earnest of a better state. It is inscribed by the author to the memory of the late Lady Harriet Fitzroy, daughter of the Duke of Grafton.

Critical Review.

The Wiccamical Chaplet, a Selection of original Poetry; comprising smaller Poems, serious and comic; classical Trifles; Sonnets; Inscriptions and Epitaphs; Songs and Ballads; Mock-Heroics, Epigrams, Fragments, &c. &c. Edited by George Huddesford. Crown 8vo. pp. 223. 6s. Boards.

Flowers collected from almost every parterre of the poetical garden are entwined in this chaplet; which is entitled *Wiccamical*, because the contributors were educated at Winchester School, which was founded by William of Wickham. The editor has not marked the different poems by any initials, nor distinguished *his* 'trifles,' as he modestly terms his own pieces, from those of his friends. Being, however, not unacquainted with Mr. Huddesford's facetious and entertaining Muse, the style and character of many of the poems induce us to attribute them to him, and to consider him as having furnished a much larger portion of the whole than could be inferred from his own acknowledgment. From such a miscellaneous mass, it is impossible to quote any one piece which can be a fair specimen of the rest: but, as far as Mr. Huddesford is concerned, we may characterize him as a legitimate descendant of Nat. Prior. His Muse is often careless: but his thoughts are truly humorous when he means to be playful; and they are not less elegant when he aims to be complimentary. Prior did not better understand how to give point to an epigram, Mr. Dibdin is not more expert at a song, nor Peter Pindar at the burlesque, or mock-heroic.

Monthly Review.

An Excursion from Sidmouth to Chester, in the Summer of 1803. In a Series of Letters to a Lady, including Sketches of the principal Towns and Villages in the Counties of Devon, Somerset, Gloucester, Monmouth, Hereford, Salop, Derby, Stafford, Warwick, and Worcester. Interspersed with Biographical Anecdotes, and incidental Remarks, particularly intended for the Information and Amusement of the rising Generation. By the Rev. Edmund Butcher. 12mo. Two Vols. 8s.

We have been much amused, and often much interested in the perusal of these little volumes, and should not hesitate to give them our

our unqualified approbation, were not the Biographical Anecdotes principally confined to individuals of certain modes of religious belief. The anecdote at p. 389, vol. ii. told of Bishop Hough, is related of Bishop Berkeley, and indeed of others.

The publication has, nevertheless, great merit, and will be desirable to all who shall be inclined to visit any or all of the places which are here described. A small, but neat view of Sidmouth, is prefixed to the first volume; and the work is moreover remarkably cheap. *British Critic.*

Biographical Memoirs of Lord Nelson, with Observations Critical and Explanatory. By John Charnock, Esq. F. S. A. Author of the Biographia Navalis, and the History of Marine Architecture, &c. 8*vo.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Charnock appears to have collected materials for the life of Lord Nelson long before the fatal event which excited public curiosity, induced him to send them to the press. It would have else been impossible to have collected and arranged so much valuable and authentic information as is here given. As the leading events, however, of Lord Nelson's life, have been lately detailed in a variety of subordinate publications, and must be fresh in the public memory, we shall not make any extracts from this volume. The abilities of the author are well known by his former publications, and we certainly have not many writers whose private studies have equally qualified them for recording the life of a seaman. Another reason for our abstaining from extracts is, that, with every possible attention to the public services of Lord Nelson, we do not discover in this work much that can be called *life*, much of his private habits, opinions, or manners. It is, however, taken in general, a most valuable series of memoirs, highly honorable to the illustrious object of Britain's veneration, and may well serve to gratify public curiosity, until the more immediate friends or relations of the deceased hero shall think proper to make other communications. *Literary Journal.*

Christ's Lamentation over Jerusalem. A Seatonian Prize Poem. By Charles Peers, Esq. A. M. and F. S. A. 4*to.* 1*s.* 6*d.*

This exercise, upon the whole, is far from being discreditable to the author. If it display none of the high and original powers of genius, it exhibits at least a considerable degree of taste, a mind stored with some of the fairest images of sacred poetry, an ear tolerably well attuned to epic harmony, and a style of diction at times strongly tinctured with Miltonic energy and loftiness.
Critical Review.

Cabinet

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLORED PLATES.

WALKING DRESS.

Straw Hat, trimmed with Swandown. Pelisse of Black Velvet, with a deep Lace round the Bottom. Swandown Tippet. Half Habit Shirt. Buff Gloves.

FULL DRESS.

Hair fashionably drest; ornamented with a Silver Wreath. A Train of Pink Muslin; full Sleeves, looped up to the Shoulder, trimmed round the Bottom and Bosom with deep Lace; Pic-Nic Sleeves. White Shoes, Fan, and Ridicule.

MORNING DRESS.

FULL DRESS.

R. Sands del. et sc.

Published April 1.1801 by Vernor Hood & Sharp, Poultry.

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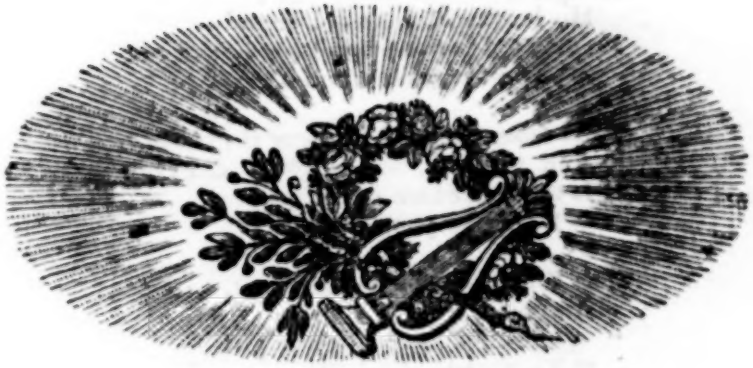

The Apollonian Wreath.

WILHELM'S DAUGHTER.

A BALLAD.

PART THE FIRST.

LOVE.

SIR Landenbert was wont so much
Of life and fire to have,
None at the feast like him was gay,
None in the field so brave.

Why then all pensive now and sad?
His very heart is torn;
With folded arms, and forehead bent,
He walks the woods forlorn.

No more he seeks the festive dance,
Or courts the ladies' praise,
But on old Wilhelm's cottage he
For many an hour doth gaze.

He shuns the busy haunts of men,
And seeks the spreading groves:
His heart is charm'd—his reason shock'd;
He Wilhelm's Daughter loves.

He met her on the verdant hill,
And on her fix'd his eye:
She blush'd beneath the ardent gaze,
Then hastily pass'd by.

He met her in the lowly vale;
His heart with love did bound—
He snatch'd her sun-burnt hand, and cast
His arm her waist around.

Forth from his grasp her way she broke,
And "Hence, Sir Knight!" did cry:
"Is this a freedom fit for you,
"To one so poor as I?"

The Knight he to his castle went,
And as he went he sigh'd:
"Why is this lovely, lovely girl
"To poverty allied?"

The Knight he to his castle went,
And to himself sigh'd he,
"O would to heav'n this lovely girl
"Had been of high degree!"

PART THE SECOND.

JEALOUSY.

SIR Landenbert walk'd o'er the plain,
'Twas at the ev'ning hour,
When flow'rets close, and wearied swains
Solace amid the bower.

He sees a youth of graceful form,
A nymph leans on his arm;
'Tis Wilhelm's daughter dress'd in smiles,
And heighten'd ev'ry charm.

The Knight was pale—he scarce respir'd,
Cold drops bedew'd his brow:
In battle's field full oft he'd been,
But ne'er was faint till now.

With warring thoughts, and hurried step,
He to the castle went;
His cheek was pale, his eye was wild,
His heart with anguish rent.

Sir Eldred in the hall he met,
And, "Oh, my friend!" exclaims;
"My secret love, so long conceal'd,
"At length will burst to flames!

" I've stood the pointed shaft of love,
" I've Reason's lectures borne;
" With adoration, honor, pride,
" By turns have I been torn.

" But Jealousy, thou master-stroke,
" Thy pangs I cannot stand!
" O, Eldred! Wilhelm's Daughter hath
" My heart at her command.

" And Wilhelm's Daughter have I seen
" Lean on another's arm!
" Ah, love, thou art not to be bought—
" That peasant's form'd to charm!"

" For shame! for shame! Sir Landenbert,"
Sir Eldred, smiling, cried;
" And what to thee, altho' she were
" This handsome peasant's bride?

" For shame! for shame! Sir Landenbert;
" Break from such shackles free—
" For tho' she were the peasant's bride,
" She might thy mistress be."

" O, Eldred! never hast thou felt
" That soul-subduing dart:
" I'd rather die ten thousand deaths,
" Than wound her gentle heart.

" O, if her envied love is his,
" I've nought to do, but die:
" Wealth, power, and greatness, never could
" The heart's affections buy."

PART THE THIRD.

HONOR.

THERE came a fortune-telling man,
He round the village went,
And to old Wilhelm's cottage he
His tottering footsteps bent.

Fair Anna at the cottage door
Was strewing corn around:
Her gown was of the russet coarse,
Her lovely hair unbound.

" O, cross my palm, thou gentle maid,
" And I'll thy fortune tell:
" Across yon mead there lives a youth
" Who loves thee passing well."

" Away, away, thou flatt'ring man;
" Thy cant I will not hear.
" A silver piece I know would buy
" The promise of a peer."

" O yet, O yet, thou gentle maid,
" I'll tell what's past and o'er—
" Last eve you walk'd forth with a swain,
" And you that swain adore."

" Begone, thou ill-divining man!
" A flatt'rer thou must be:
" I talk'd to him, I smil'd on him,
" But he is nought to me."

" O yield thine ear, thou gentle maid;
" A Knight in castle high,
" Doth often from his balcony
" Toward thy cottage sigh."

Her cheek is flush'd—her bosom heaves—
" O name that Knight!" cried she—
" With silver will I cross thy hand;
" Then pr'ythee answer me."

He on his grey beard laid his hand,
And hemming o'er and o'er—
For, ah! he seem'd a feeble man,
Full eighty years or more!

" That love-born Knight I cannot name,
" But dearly doth he love—
" And if thou wouldst his mistress be,
" He'd ever faithful prove."

" Away ill-fortune-telling man;
" Disgrace to Knighthood he,
" Who would seduce an artless maid,
" A splendid wretch to be!"

" Forgive, forgive me, beauteous maid;
" For by thy charms so bright,
" In speaking thus, I slander'd have
" A fond and noble Knight.

" He loves thee more than all the world;
" Thy voice is life to him;
" Thy red cheek makes the roses pale;
" Thine eye the jewel dim."

" Away,

" Away, away, thou flatt'ring man,
" This language may be fine;
" But counsel surely more befits
" Where locks like silver shine.

" Away, away, thou flatt'ring man,
" I'll range the vallies free,
" Since he is not of humble birth,
" Nor I of high degree."

" O, lovely maid, the rains descend
" On valley and on bank:
" O, lovely maid, the virtues smile
" Unbrib'd by any rank.

" The ivy round the oak entwines,
" The tall trees shade the rose;
" And love is like the heav'n's sweet grace,
" That no distinction knows."

His heart was throbbing in his breast;
No fortune-teller he—
His beard, his cloak, he throws aside,
And drops upon his knee.

" Sir Landenbert!" alarm'd, she cries;
Her hand conceals her face:
Her beautiful confusion gives
Each charm an added grace.

" Sir Landenbert!" alarm'd, she cries,
" Why do you kneel to me?"
Her hand he folded to his heart—
" Thou dearest maid!" cried he—

" Thou dearest maid! my wealth, my heart,
" Are all at thy command;
" Thy peace and honor will I guard;
" The sweet reward thy hand."

Y. L.

LINES

Supposed to be spoken by CALEB, *the Son of* JEPHUNNEH, *on viewing the Land of Canaan.*

BEHOLD the promis'd land appears;
The pleasing view my bosom chears;
Its fresh'ning gales my soul delight:
Oh, heavenly gift! Oh, glorious sight!

But who are these whose awful height
The human stature far exceeds?
Can we withstand them in the fight?
Can we, unskill'd in warlike deeds?

Before these men of war, of might,
All human force appall'd must stand:
But Israel's God himself will fight,
And we shall conquer by His hand.

Come, then, my brethren, doubt, and fear,
And each distrustful thought begone;
For Israel's God is Monarch here—
This land, as others, is His own.

The waving corn, it graceful bends;
The purple grapes luxurious glow;
As far as sight its view extends,
See streams of milk and honey flow.

Come, then, my brethren, let's proceed;
Before these mighty men we'll stand;
For Israel's God will fight, indeed;
And we shall conquer by his hand.

OMICRON.

SYMPATHY. TO DELIA.

BY DR. PERFECT.

ENSHRIN'D in your bosom of snow,
There's a sweet little cherub, my dear;
'Tis Sympathy call'd, and we know
It brightens Humanity's tear.

A gift the most lovely and fair,
That Heaven on mortals bestows:
It pilots the pilgrim of Care,
Repulsive of sorrow and woes.

Poor pale-ey'd Distress I descried,
And Merit on Misery's bed,
By Opulence surly deny'd
A scrap of superfluous bread.

Then I saw her dove-sembled descend,
To succour poor pale-ey'd Distress;
Benevolence sweetly extend,
And Merit so wretched caress.

So dew-dropping dawnings of morn
Pervade Nature's mantle so dark,
Rekindle o'er landskips forlorn,
Of light and of life the warm spark.

POEM,

POEM,

Addressed to the Parents of a young Lady on her Birth-Day.

HAIL, wedded pair! supremely blest of Heav'n,
To whose fond wish a beauteous daughter's giv'n,
Bid the sweet period of this smiling morn
Commemorate the birth of your first born.*
Sweet girl, by Nature form'd with partial care,
May all your family her image bear;
May shining graces decorate her brow,
And rolling years her store of beauties shew:
May ev'ry virtue with a lustre shine,
And prove her soul as noble as divine.
She's gen'rous, and to ev'ry creature kind;
And living thus, appears what Heav'n design'd—
An amiable picture of the mind.
Her tender cares you've had a noble proof:
She's all that's lovely—all that's good in youth.
May ev'ry blessing her attend this morn;
Your wishes for her welfare are my own.
True, yours from nat'ral love derive their force;
Mine, from her gen'rous friendship take their course;
Yours, fond affection rivets on the heart;
Mine, from th' esteem I bear her, claim their part.
Then do not wonder if I join the pray'r,
That He who gave will now† in kindness spare
The lovely offspring of your tender care.
And may you live to see the happy day,
When all your cares her duty will repay;
And may you see her, in whatever sphere,
Acting with steady prudence, truth, and care;
Her soul ambitious motives may despise,
And prove, by actions, that her thoughts are wise.
May Heav'n direct her ways throughout this life,
And bless the youth whose choice makes her his wife!
Then, may they live a round of peaceful years,
Nor envy know, or ill-suspicious fears,
Until the usual course of life is run,
Morn, noon, and eve, and night is coming on.
Then may she, with her last expiring breath,
Foretel, that tho' retiring from this earth,
And, forc'd to yield to Death's superior might,
She shall not set in one eternal night;
But with a smiling aspect close the scene,
And, like the sun, go down with look serene;

And

* Phœbe. † The young Lady being unwell.

And when gone down, on earth no more to shine,
May rise in Heav'n, there never to decline.

Forgive the freedom of the youthful hand
Who frankly owns he can't himself command;
Forgive presumption, or the pleasing thought,
A heart susceptible of feeling wrought.
'Twas that which prompted; if I have done wrong,
Pardon the Poet, and destroy the song.

Stoke Newington, S. S.
October 18th, 1805.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MISS E. W. H——Y,

On her Marriage with Mr. E. R——s.

I WISH you all the happiness, *and more*
Than ere by mortals was enjoy'd before:
I wish you health, and competence, and ease,
With all the blessings of domestic peace!
And when the joys of *wedded life* you've prov'd,
When long you've liv'd, beloving and belov'd,
When many a smiling cherub you have rear'd,
Who, by their conduct, are to you endear'd;
Then may you calmly sigh your latest breath,
And in their arms resign yourself to death!
And all of Heav'n I ask, is—"when I die,
"Oh! may I join *my Friend* above the sky!"

Buckingham. FIDELIS.

AH, WHAT IS LIFE?

AH! what is life, that thus, with anxious care,
For jocund health and length of days we sigh?
'Tis but to breathe a pestilential air;
'Tis but to "look about us, and to die."

Can life no more? Affection oft, I ween,
Shall strew with blooming flowers the varied scene;
Shall mark the spot where Friendship's angel form
Invites to peace, and lulls the angry storm:

And Love of every sting shall Pain disarm,
With gayest wreaths adorn his roseate bowers;
Shall bid more blythely move the laughing hours,
And Care at distance mourn the potent charm.

Yes, I will own there is a Heaven below!
My Evelina's smile can chace severest woe.

J. S. S.

STANZAS

TO AN EARLY SNOW-DROP.

EMERGING from its wint'ry tomb,
See the spotless snow-drop peep,
Burst the ice-bound earth, and bloom,
While more tender flow'rets sleep.

Pledge of the genial coming year,
Amid the gloom of winter gay,
Smiling through the morning tear,
The tribute tear of early day;

Death awaits thy faultless form;
Less beauteous flow'rets safe may blossom:
Thus I snatch thee from the storm,
To grace my lovely Emma's bosom.

Kingsland. J. M.

TO DELIA.

BY DR. PERFECT.

HEART-Enliv'ning influence shed,
Lovely Mirth, and blue-ey'd Joy;
Time throws off his wings of lead,
Spleen and Care no more annoy.

Delia's eyes, with melting beam,
Wake the Muse's silver lyre
By the willow-crested stream,
Near the tall, ascending spire.

Wake the fiddle's sprightly sound,
Delia joins the magic maze;
See her quiv'ring feet rebound,
How superior to my praise!

Swift the jocund moments fly,
Sombrous Night no longer reigns;
Smiling bliss, and melody,
Cheer the sweet sequester'd plains.

Fair as Hebe, fresh as Spring,
Let us not the dance curtail,
Till Aurora's saffron wing
Gilds the lily in the vale.

Then the cottage-roof beneath,
Happy Damon, Delia there,
Braids for her the brightest wreath
Shed from Flora's vivid hair.

THE

THE PAIN OF ABSENCE.

I.

HOW hard is absence to be borne,
When hope the lover flies!
How burns his bosom to return!
Yet fate his wish denies.

II.

Deep fix'd within his labouring breast,
His empire Love maintains;
There the dear image once impress'd,
Unsullied still remains.

III.

Each relic now, with zealous care
Preserv'd, its value knows;
Each gift, presented by his fair,
A comfort now bestows.

IV.

Oh! may not e'er this hopeless love
Her heart like his distress;
From her, kind Heav'n, such pains remove;
'Twill make him feel them less.

C.

To a TEMPERATE MORNING in JANUARY.

BY DR. PERFECT.

HAIL, mild-ey'd Morn! for thou art soft and fair
As breaks upon the bosom of the May,
When the blue vi'let pours
Her bosom on the breeze:
Come, and the light-wing'd Spring shall drop a smile
Sweet premature! nurs'd on old Winter's breast,
Shall lift her dove-like eye,
And wanton in thy beam.

Lamp of the wint'ry world! thou heav'n-lit sun,
O haste, and woo the young reluctant maid,
And bid her moist'ning lip
Drop with the ripen'd balm.
Come, chaste-ey'd god! while yet the ice-hung clouds
Attend thy throne, in wint'ry glory ride!
The virgin loves thy sighs,
While yet the blaze is dimm'd:
For soon, when glowing with the ardent fire
Of strong-soul'd passion, lo! the seraph maid
Shrinks from the solar noon,
Gathers her sweets, and flies.

Propitious

Propitious Morn! my melancholy Muse
Drops her cold tears upon the bloomless earth.
Reflecting man, like thee,
May totter to his tomb.
Yet e'en when Summer's flushing cheek was full,
I've seen the pale rose wither on her thorn,
And sink, like injur'd worth,
From sullen scornful pride.

CHARADE.

KINGS and Princes so gay,
Grace my *First* ev'ry day;
My *Second* a sailor would guess;
My *Whole*, lovers true,
Is best known to you;
To you then my thoughts I address.

J. M. L.

SOLUTION OF THE ENIGMA

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

BY J. M. L.

WHEN morning sun-beams deck the dew-spread plain,
Lighting the lab'rer to his daily task,
As he goes gaily caroling his song,
In emulation of the soaring lark,
He feels no pensive cares assail his breast,
But breathes the air of liberty and peace.
Still as he moves, attendant on his steps
A willing follower he frequent finds,
Aping each action of his humble form:
But if a cloud obscures the darting ray,
That Phœbus sends to renovate the earth,
Or pelting rain-drops pitilessly fall,
Swift as the lightning's flash the truant flies,
As Summer friends desert when want appears,
Nor more is seen to cheer the lab'rer's way,
Till Sol again sends forth his radiant smile,
And bids the rustic's *Shadow* follow him
Through all the varied labours of the day.
When noon approaching, bids the trav'ller droop,
Whilst sun-beams perpendicularly fall,
His *Shadow*, emblem of his wearied pow'rs,
Shrinks into insignificance of size,
And scarce can be discern'd upon the plain.

Where

Where crowded ball-rooms fascinate the train
Who worship Folly in each varying mood,
The blazing chandelier, with shining light,
That fain would mimic Morning's vivid beam,
Guides the light-footed throng in mazy dance:
There, as some fair one elegantly glides,
Following quite close on ev'ry step she takes,
Closer than e'en her partner can pursue,
The imitative *Shadow* presses on.
On Afric's seas of sand, where Sol shines forth
The tyrant, not the comfort, of the plains,
Where wildest desolation spreads around,
And hunger makes the lion wildly howl
As he roams o'er the wide and burning waste,
Still, unconfin'd to country or to clime,
The *Shadow* of his form pursues his steps;
And though stern Death, in Famine's shape may come,
Will not desert him then, till Night's deep gloom,
Shrouds his remains in safety.—Here pause, my pen.

Correspondence, &c.

A Correspondent says, "Among the variety of subjects which crowd your Museum, how is it that, though it has superabounded with effusions in honor of LORD NELSON, none of your Poetical Friends have yet paid a Tribute of respect to the Memory of Mr. Pitt?

"I am a constant reader, and am rather surprised that no Panegyric of this great Statesman has yet appeared in your Work. I hope, therefore, that some of the favored sons of Genius, who adorn your pages with their productions, will not suffer another month to elapse, without gratifying us with a few lines or stanzas to the memory of a man

——————whose mind
Contain'd a world, and seem'd for all things fram'd?"

We are obliged by the offer one who signs "G," *makes of his assistance in collecting* Beauties *from the Poets; but our constant supply of original matter renders the measure unnecessary.*

"Q," *and Others, may refer to what was said on the subject of* Charades *in our last and some former Numbers.*

The following are received, and will appear in their order:

"Adventures of Doligny, from the French;—"On Conversation among Women;"—"A Child's Soliloquy over a Mother's Grave;"—"To Kate;"—"First Impression;"—"Gwyder, a Welch Ballad;"—"Sonnet to the Red-Breast," &c.

☞ *In consequence of the late arrival of our Biographical Sketch, and its great length, we were under the unavoidable necessity of deferring* No. XCII. *of* The Old Woman *till the ensuing Month.*

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Madame etc &c.

Mrs Carter.

Pub. by Vernor Hood & Sharpe May 2 1806